

The TATLER

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London, June 25, 1930

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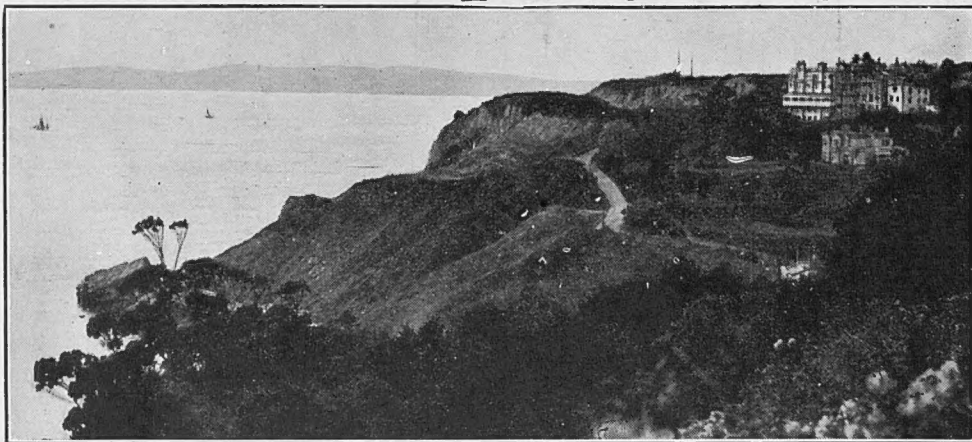
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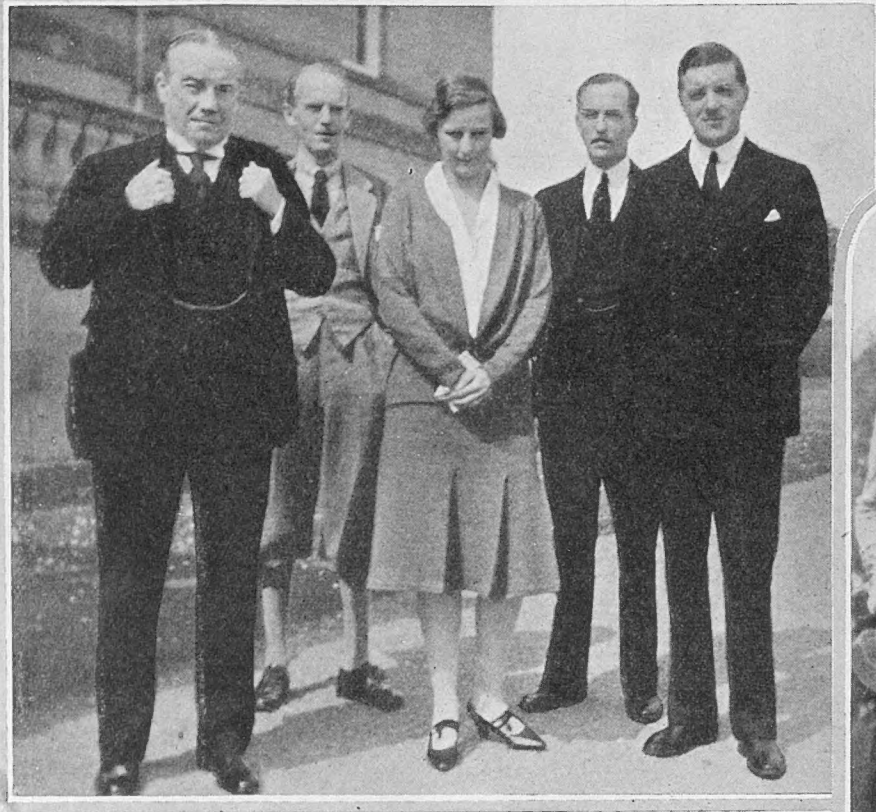


Photograph by Dorothy Wilding

MISS FAY COMPTON AS MADELEINE CARY IN "DISHONOURD LADY"

As the unpleasant heroine in a not pleasant play with an unhappy ending Miss Fay Compton gets a big acting chance and takes it with both hands. "Madeleine" is an American "Iris," and we have met her before many a time, but Miss Fay Compton's exquisitely sensitive acting makes us glad to meet her again at the Playhouse. The story of how she poisons a Gigolo blackmailer because she wants to marry an English peer of the realm, and is acquitted on a perjured alibi, most people probably know, for the play is doing good business

The Letters of Eve



MR. BALDWIN IN THE NORTH

A group taken when the ex-Premier was the guest of the Earl and Countess of Moray at Darnaway Castle, Forres, Elginshire. The names, left to right, are: The Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, the Earl of Moray, the Countess of Moray, Captain the Hon. James Stuart, Lord Moray's brother, and the Hon. Charles Rhys, Lord Dynevor's son and heir. Lord Moray succeeded in April of this year on the death of his father



AT ASCOT: LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY AND CAPTAIN DOUGLAS GORDON

A PRÈS ça le déluge, ma chère. Of course it is to the Hunt Cup at Ascot that I refer, for the subsequent programme of Wednesday's racing is historic in that it never took place, an unheard-of thing. The abandonment of five races was forced on the stewards, but the way in which the decision was received by the multitude is worthy of the greatest praise. One can't help wondering how a continental crowd would have considered their cancelled holiday under similar circumstances.

Of the intensity of the storm you will have heard, but special mention must be made of a couple who, undeterred and apparently oblivious, leant against the rails opposite the Royal box, chatting quite casually, without umbrella or visible means of protection, where even policemen were not impervious.

* * *

Very little attention was given to the paddock before the only two races of the day; what with the apprehension generated by the atmosphere, the appearance of the sky, and the attractions of luncheon. Those who were in the Marlborough Club tent found that more port was best in a storm, for a lake of enormous proportions was very soon formed outside. It was easy to pick out the hardened race-goers who were prepared for all immersions. Mrs. Euan Wallace was one of the neatest, in rose red and

GROSVENOR SQUARE, S.W.1.



AT KINGSTOWN REGATTA LAST WEEK

Poolte, Dublin

Mrs. William Horsburgh-Porter, Dr. Marjory Spiller, Mr. and Mrs. David Plunket, and Miss Hester Plunket aboard Mr. David Plunket's motor launch, "Eblana II," on the day "Shamrock V" won her trial from "Cambria," "Lulworth," and "White Heather." Mr. Plunket is a member of the Royal St. George Yacht Club, under whose auspices the regatta was sailed, and is a son of the Rt. Rev. the Hon. Bishop Plunket, who is said to be the wealthiest church dignitary in the kingdom

The racing on the first day at Ascot fortunately just—and only just—missed the tempest avec thunder, lightning, and torrents of rain which swept the land from north to south

small linen hat; Mrs. Ali-stair Dennistoun looked awfully pretty with a shiny black turban; Mrs. Dennis Boles (you know, Invershin's owner's daughter) has a house close by, so got the latest information about the weather and dressed accordingly with good results.

* * *

Mrs. Victor Gilpin had vigorous congratulations on the three winners her husband had produced the day before. His stable successes caused quite a sensation, and Mr. F. Darling did the hat trick too. Other competitors for this feat in a different sense were to be found in any enclosure, varieties of head-gear scoring gasps of surprise, and I regret to

state a good deal of amusement. The quarter-wit angle, so much in favour with those who think that hats should be backward was in some cases carried to such a pitch that the laws of gravity were challenged. "Optimism and Organdie" would have been a good slogan for Tuesday. However, the dresses were ordered, delivered, and had to be worn, partly because one rarely has any alternative for this particular meeting. Anyhow, the result far surpassed our wildest dreams; one might have thought that "fancy dress optional" had been the official decree. The women trailed in organdie and they trailed in chiffon. One or two were lovely, the rest sadly *manquée* somehow. I came to the conclusion that our anti-waist campaign had been going on too long for these Victorian fashions to be effectively introduced. The most to be admired were those dressed in the simplest and plain-coloured frocks.

I am always mentioning Mrs. Maurice Kingscote, but she really did look nice in bright dark blue. Was it you who told me that she made most of her frocks herself? If so, I don't believe you. Apropos of reiteration, Sir "Jock" Jardine is another who keeps creeping into these lines; this time his white topper with the French influence earned him another distinguishing mark. Mr. Harry Cottrill put all other trainers in the shade with a pale grey suit and a butter-coloured carnation, while Prince Ali Khan did his best to moderate the monotony of men's clothes with a pair of sponge-bag trousers. Who else shall I tell you about? Lady Zia Wernher and Lady Milford Haven in nice simple crêpe de chine frocks were prowling in the paddock with Prince George, Sir John Milbanke and his wife, she in blue organdie.

Miss Margaret Whigham must I think be awarded the prize for this year's dazzle of débutantes. Her black and yellow chiffon dress only helped to confirm a pretty general opinion. Miss Sonia Converse was in becoming pale blue, but she should be encouraged to look more contented. With the features at her disposal this ought to be easy. Of the young married women I always admire Mrs. Charlie Mills very much. She and her sister, Lady Chesham, were both very



Kirks, Cowes
LORD NORMANTON, LADY ROSEMARY AGAR,
AND MR. E. C. JEFFREYS

Aboard Lord Normanton's steam yacht, "Siren," at Cowes last week. Lord Normanton is a well-known member of The Squadron and has his seat at Somerley, Ringwood, Hants. Lady Rosemary Agar, who is Lord and Lady Normanton's youngest daughter, and Mr. E. C. Jeffreys are engaged

successful "neat and trims" as opposed to the "flouncy and flimsies." Many of the latter paraded in white, looking as though they had walked out of the Heaven scene in *Cochran's 1930 Revue*. Lady Oxford's black and Lady Lavery's white were unrelieved and unrivalled. You will gather that I am not an advocate of others than babies in long clothes.

Whoever it was that thought of departing from the more hackneyed forms of raising money for hospitals (and I think that Lord Donegall and Mrs. McCorquodale were specially responsible) deserves enormous praise for organizing a motor rally on a fine Sunday by the river. I mean the Concours d'Élégance which, taking a leaf from the book of our French neighbours, was held at the Hôtel de Paris at Bray, for the Kensington, Fulham, and Chelsea General Hospital. I have never seen so many attractive cars gathered together in a small area, and the whole thing was given a very efficient and businesslike feeling by the presence of Captain Malcolm Campbell, Captain Woolf Barnato, and Captain Tim Birkin, who were the official judges for the six events. Their presence though turned one's thoughts to the tragic



MRS. GILES LODER AND A FRIEND

The beautiful clothes are not ante-diluvian even though they are a step or two backward on the road of Fashion. After the storm, the first one which has ever caused a day's racing at Ascot to be abandoned, there was little left of all the pomp and splendour. The last really bad storm at a race-meeting was when St. Amant won the Derby in 1904. The thunder frightened him so much that he bolted from end to end and was still running away at the finish

death, only two days before, of that other and greatest of all speed kings, Sir Henry Segrave.

The wisdom of choosing a Sunday, when engagements are never too pressing, was further shown by the numbers, one might almost say hordes, of people who stayed on for the dinner dance which followed. It was a mixed gathering, to say the least of it, but at any rate the ingredients were practically unanimous in availing themselves of the option not to wear evening dress, and there was much sympathy for the embarrassed young man who had turned up in tails. My roving eye discovered Mrs. Jack Fielden among the massed bands, also Lady Castlerosse, who had won the "Smartest Car and Lady" event earlier in the day. Then there was Mrs. Jim Robertson, whose big party included Lord Altamont, the Geoffrey Mills', and her daughter Patricia, Sir Anthony Weldon and Mr. Hambro, Kathleen, Lady Drogheda, and Lady Warrender. Dancing was practically impossible, but it was a glorious night for the river.

(Continued on p. 576)

MR. KUDYARD KIPLING AND MR. T. B. MACAULAY

Taken on board the Canadian Pacific liner, "Duchess of Bedford," immediately on her arrival in Liverpool from Canada with England's great poet of Empire aboard. Mr. Kipling was sixty-four last December, but is one of those immortals whom Time passes by. Mr. Macaulay is a pillar of the insurance world in Canada



ASCOT IN THE SUN: MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM WORTHINGTON-EVANS

Gold Cup Day at Ascot was Ascot as Ascot should be, and in strong contrast to the typhoon weather of Hunt Cup Day, which will remain, let us hope, an evil memory. Mr. William Worthington-Evans is the son and heir of Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, Bart., and he married Miss Joan Pears

described as looking charming, often without visible cause as far as I can see, but in this particular case the bride merited the most eulogistic terms of appreciation. We were bidden to Sir Robert and Lady Bird's house in Eaton Place for the reception, and one of the first people I saw there was Mrs. Inge, the gracious owner of Thorpe in the Atherstone country, where Mr. Mermagen is responsible for the cure of souls. Her younger daughter, Miss Edith Inge, was to have been in attendance on Mrs. Reynolds, but unfortunately she had to take to her bed instead.

I have always had a weakness for an agricultural show, with its nice tweedy atmosphere of friendly rivalry and democratic good fellowship. To my mind it represents one of the few typically English pastimes which have evaded the professionalism associated nowadays with many of our more fashionable sports. I'm getting very long-winded, but take courage and read on and you'll learn what I marked at the Cornwall County Show when I went west the other day. Some rain being the weather ration, a tour of the less mobile exhibits was forsaken in favour of a sheltered view of the ring where Major Cantrell-Hubbersty and Major Longworth were confederate adjudicators of the light-horse classes. Major Longworth added an unusual touch to the proceedings by taking the rails and some onlookers in his horse's stride when trying out Mr. Saville Petch's Golden Arrow. However, no harm was done and countless pairs of gloves were proffered to remove the disadvantage of wet rains. Mrs. Saville Petch, whose blue habit deserved an award of its own, added another to her large collection of red rosettes, and Mr. M. P. Williams was also showing in the same class. He is the son of Mr. P. D. Williams, whose woodcock shooting at Lanarth is so famous in those parts.

Mr. Montagu Eliot, this year's President of the Royal Cornwall Agricultural Association, was occupying a special enclosure together with Mrs. Eliot and their seven-year-old son Vere, known to friends and relations as "Mr. V." Lord and Lady Mount Edgumbe were also in support, having brought over a good-sized party from Cotehele, including Constance, Duchess of Westminster, Lady Mary Grosvenor, and Lady Brecknock's

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Quite the most composed person at the Guards' Chapel when Miss Olive Mermagen married Captain Reynolds last week, was Miss Biddy Manley, one of the duet of baby bridesmaids, immediately behind the bride. Biddy has experienced some four summers but this was her first wedding though you'd never have guessed it. Major and Mrs. Roger Manley were taking a parental interest in their small person, and Mrs. Harrison, up from Wychnor, also had a bridesmaid daughter to look at, but hers was in the grown-up ranks. The leading figure at a wedding is invariably

mother, Mrs. Jenkins. Horse-breeding is one of Lady Mount Edgumbe's favourite pursuits, and she showed and won with Curiosity II, her brood mare with foal at foot, which had been placed at the Bath and West. Lady Mary Grosvenor had entered a horse in the jumping class, but as far as I could espy it was a non-starter. Most people were enclosed in mackintoshes so I need not dilate on their outfits, beyond saying that Mrs. Percival Williams, the wife of the Master of the Four Burrow, relieved the monotony with a bright blue hat, and that Mrs. Colborne-Vivian's greenish tweed suiting was a good one. She is the very pleasant owner of Bosahan the spelling of which would hardly suggest its pronunciation to the uninitiated. Decorative Mrs. Coryton had come over from Pentillie to see the fun, and I also observed her sister-in-law, Mrs. Alverne Bolitho, who married one of the several nephews of old Mr. Robins Bolitho, Master of the Western Hounds for many years.

The post-Whitsun period produced two pleasing picture shows, namely the Prince of Wales's Art Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries, in aid of H.R.H.'s personal fund for the British Legion, and Mr. Teng Chiu's fine landscapes at the Claridge Gallery. The former, opened with an engagingly apt little speech by Lady Patricia Ramsay, represented a very generous gesture, for its components were all given by their creators to help the cause in which the Prince takes such a lively interest. Orpen, Lavery, Munnings, Olive Snell, Clausen, Anna Zinkeisen, and Nevinson were among the British legion of artists whose work was there for the buying, and on a very hot day I looked gratefully at "Sussex Coast," a seascape by Charles Pears, who had given up his Whitsuntide holiday to arrange the exhibits. The exposition is open till next Saturday, and to-morrow (June 26) those pictures not already sold are to be auctioned by Captain Reginald Berkeley, with the Duke of Marlborough as referee.

Those pseudo-art critics who insist that perspective presents an insuperable obstacle to a Chinese artist should go and see what Mr. Teng Chiu has to say to their theories. His technique is so remarkable and his mastery over the moods of the Yorkshire moors so complete that one wonders vaguely where the Celestial meets the Occidental in his pictures. Perhaps it is in a certain clearness of outline and tone that his race shows itself. Blue, to me a typically Chinese colour, pervades several of his canvases, noticeably in his lovely "Morning in Wharfedale," with the mists rising from the valley. "Fog in Piccadilly" (which has no connection with returning revellers!) struck me as being reminiscent of Van Gogh's brush-work, and "Showers in Westminster" is a triumph of chiaroscuro.

—Love, EVE.



MRS. CHICHESTER AND MR. PALEY-JOHNSON

Another Gold Cup Day snapshot at Ascot, when the sunshine was made to match the cup. Everyone, of course, was delighted to see Lord Derby's colours in front. Bosworth won him his first Cup. Lord Derby has won most of the other big races on the flat



HERE THEY COME: MEMBERS OF THE
ENCLOSURE WATCHING THE BIG RACE



ROYAL ASCOT

Gold Cup Day



COLONEL SIR BEACHCROFT
TOWSE, V.C., AND LADY TOWSE



MISS ROSEMARY NICHOL
AND MISS PAMELA PETO



MAJOR AND MRS. PAGET AND MISS K. SNEYD

In blazing sunshine, which made the terrific storm of the day before seem like the nightmarish imaginings of a disordered brain, Ascot was itself again on Gold Cup Day. One of the biggest crowds ever known congregated there, and the staying powers of onlookers were tested to the utmost by the record programme of ten races. The result of the Gold Cup itself was equally gratifying for Lord Derby and British bloodstock, though the time for the race was unusually slow, partly owing to the effect of Wednesday's delugings. Bosworth had a tremendous ovation, and the smile of his owner, who received endless congratulations, was one of the best examples of its kind ever seen. Sir Beachcroft Towse is Vice-President of the British Legion and Chairman of the National Institute of the Blind. Major and Mrs. Paget have a nice house, complete with bathing pool, at Roehampton

The Cinema : "All Quiet on the Western Front"

By JAMES AGATE

AN extraordinary thing has happened. But before I relate what it is I must ask the reader to bear with me in a personal matter. People are constantly saying to me: "You write beautifully. But, of course, you are always wrong!" To which my invariable answer is: "I don't write beautifully, and that's the whole trouble. *But I haven't been wrong since 1919*—and then there was a doubt!" Some critics have difficulty in deciding what their views are. Up to the present, or rather up till last night, I have never believed that the difficulty could really exist. I have always known what I thought; the difficulty was to put it into words. Then, last night, I went to *All Quiet on the Western Front*, the film which has captured the imagination of all my colleagues and of the town generally. I went hoping and expecting to be tremendously moved, and to my great horror found that I was hardly moved at all, the whole momentum of the film being, so far as I was concerned, intellectual rather than emotional. Yet this is the place to say that round about me people were more moved than I can ever remember in a cinema before, some even having to leave the theatre. Up to now my way of criticism has been this: to let play or film have its way with me and to record honestly what I have honestly felt without any discountings or allowances. But lately some extraordinary things have been happening. In *Sainte Jeanne*, that play in which there is not a tear, Madame Pitoëff made me weep for an hour and a half on end; as Marguerite Gummidge, or whatever Dumas' heroine was called, she left me completely dry-eyed. In an abominable and recent war-piece Miss Mary Clare devastated me utterly. This film did not begin to have the effect of *Mons, Four Sons*, or even the film-version of *Journey's End*. Yet I know that this Remarque film is a much bigger business than the last-mentioned, and that all that there is in Mr. Sherriff's compact, workmanlike little piece could be tucked away in single chapters of Remarque. The one is an episode; the other an epic. I remember how and when and where I read "All Quiet." It was last summer during a holiday-trip down the Mediterranean. And I remember that the book was so unbearably painful that I kept diluting it with bits of "Saki," for otherwise I could not have read it at all. Just before I went into the Regal the other night a friend said, "Come and have a whisky. You'll need it!" I didn't accept, holding it better pluck to take my horrors neat. I had read of the terrific realism of this film and didn't find it.

There was a picture in the Imperial War Museum which showed in the foreground a soldier who had been dead some weeks. There is a fearful description in Mr. A. P. Herbert's "The Secret Battle" of some men who had been dead only a few hours. Both that picture and that passage have haunted me ever since. And I was surprised to find nothing so—shall I say, disconcerting—in *All Quiet*. One saw many men killed. After which they appeared to vanish. For the film does not show so much as a dead horse lying about. I suppose I expected to receive at least the impression of what must be the most sickening thing in war—its dreadful stench. There is a passage in some other war-book in which a soldier describes his horror when first he felt the ground give beneath his feet, and discovered that he was treading not upon earth but upon a dead man. There is nothing of this in the present film. Some preliminary literature informed me that "never has spectacle and stark realism of war been more thrillingly conveyed." I beg to differ. The single view of the war-scape in *Journey's End* was in my view more drear than anything in *All Quiet*. My disappointment began as soon as I realized that the soldiers in the film were not young Germans torn from their homes but admirable film-actors magnificently entrenched at Hollywood.

Paul is excellently played by Mr. Lewis Ayres. But the pretence that he is a German must surely vanish when you hear him say "He wants me to wear my uniform around." Katczinsky should be a unique figure and have his whole being in Remarque's pages and nowhere else. But he is played by Mr. Louis Wolheim, and inasmuch as Mr. Wolheim is one of my favourite film-actors becomes the less Katczinsky. It is a fine performance but it has many overtones and echoes which have nothing to do with Remarque. One of the most pathetic passages in modern literature is the long agony of Kemmerich, who, you remember, lingers day after day, his face growing yellower and yellower and more and more gaunt, while the others wait for his bed and his boots. Mr. Ben Alexander plays him well. Which does not prevent the dying Kemmerich from being an extremely

healthy, well-nourished actor, perishing in the full flush of youth and the limelight. The alleged romantic episode of the canal is pure film-bunk and moved me not at all, while some of the book's notable passages of exquisiteness and horror—the visit to hospital of the wounded sergeant's wife and the prison-camp scene—are omitted.

Is it possible that I have been seeing too many plays and too many films recently, and that the emotions have their saturation-point? Throughout the film my mind kept telling me that this and that were being admirably done, and I was always conscious of the complete and successful avoidance of wrong notes. I can even conceive that, in other moods, the canal episode might have been touching. I expounded my difficulty to a friend, asking him whether after three Hamlets, an Othello, a Fedya, a St. Joan, a Marguerite Gautier, and half-a-dozen minor assaults, the capacity for emotion may not be temporarily exhausted. "You can't eat ten banquets on end," I said. "Of course you can't," replied my friend. "But you ought to be able to tell by the look whether it's a good meal." My friend was right, and on his reasoning and on reflection, I pronounce *All Quiet on the Western Front* to be one of the best films ever made—though I did not at the time feel it to be so. The scenes of mess and muddle, the fighting and, above all, the panic of the soldiers, were admirably portrayed. There was just one point at which, I confess, the film did "get" me. That was the incident of the calling-up of the children, the boys of fifteen, at the very end of the war. Excellent, too, was the passage towards the end in which Katczinsky, wandering about the countryside on a summer afternoon, was killed, so to speak, needlessly. This is not the first

time that that note has been struck. Ten years before Remarque's book somebody wrote a novel called "Responsibility" which ended: "Rodd never saw his book. Shortly before it appeared he was killed, stupidly, unheroically, unnecessarily even, carrying a bucket." The end of the film is first-class. I think, on consideration, that its essential weakness lies in the fact that its *motif* is Paul's disillusion, which cannot be filmed. After all, the only way of dramatizing Hamlet's indecision was to show the violence which pointed it. Mr. Lewis Milestone, the director, has done well by *All Quiet*. But the essence of his job was to film certain violence and leave us to deduce Paul's disillusion. Possibly I was not in a very good mood for making these deductions. And I again repeat that I have never known an audience to be so deeply and, I would say, so discriminatingly moved. I think what is really the matter with this film is that it insists upon being a talkie, which means, of course, realistic dialogue infinitely trivial in comparison with the scope of the picture as a whole. Silence the babble and raise the same events to significance through music from the great masters, and I believe I should be completely moved.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xxxiv

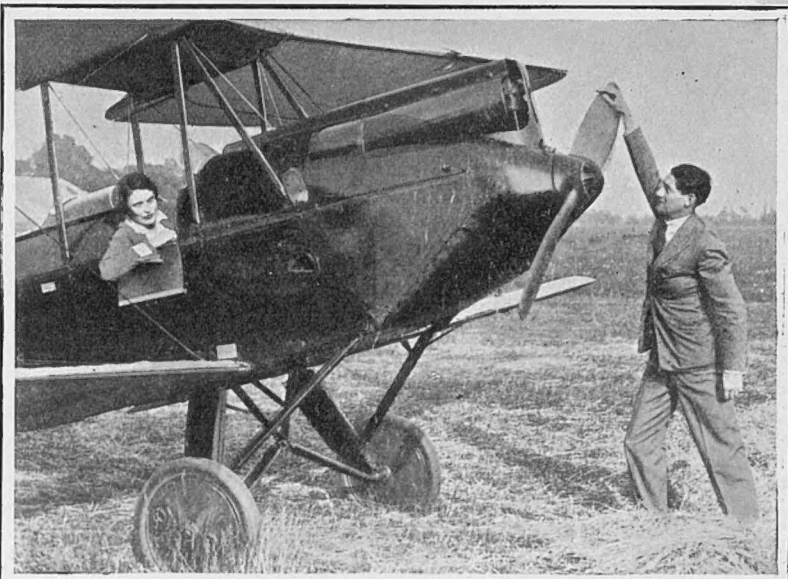


THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

Raquel Torres in what might be called an artistic bathing kit, only all the other three suits are also represented. Raquel Torres is a Mexican, and it is recorded of her that she went straight from a convent school to be Monte Blue's leading lady. She is only twenty-two

TO-MORROW'S TRANSPORT

How the World will Get There in the Future



"CONTACT"

Mrs. "Freddy" White in control while her husband swings the propeller of their Moth preparatory to a flying start from Hanworth Air Park, the busiest port near London for aerial small craft. Mr. White is a speed merchant on the water as well as in the air



MAPPING IT OUT

Miss Elise Williams and Mr. Cathcart-Jones make sure of the air-way before setting out in Miss Williams' Moth to fly to Lewes from Hanworth. The latter, in addition to being an aerial taxi-rank, provides frequent courses of instruction for budding aviators, and at the well-equipped club-house there is a constant to and fro-ing of owner-pilots. Land transport problems are becoming daily more and more insoluble, and more and more people are saying good-bye to all that and taking to the air as the only way of journeying



GOOD-BYE ALL: LIEUT. G. RODD, R.N., AND MRS. IAN KARSLAKE GO JOY RIDING



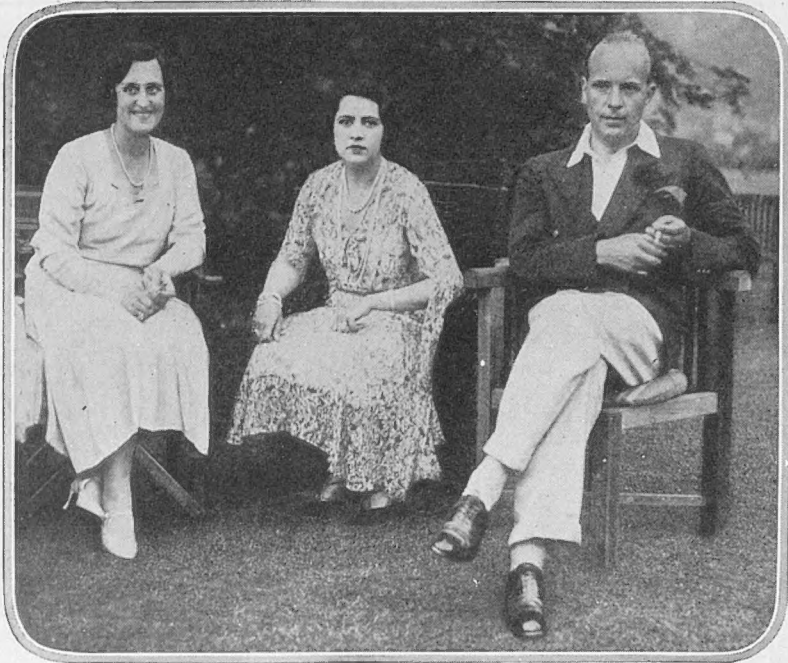
'PLANE SAILING AT HANWORTH: Miss Mary Gray about to take the air with Mr. Dudley Watt in the 'plane he designed, which is paradoxically accused by other pilots of being "too easy to fly"



THE PARTING GUEST

Photographs by Chas. Brown.

Captain the Hon. F. E. Guest about to embark with Captain du Boulay in the latter's Blue Bird for an aerial garden party held not long ago at Manston. Captain Guest is Chairman of National Flying Services, the owners of Hanworth Air Park



AT LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. J. N. HORLICK'S ASCOT PARTY

A group at Little Paddocks, Sunninghill, of H.H. Princess Aspasia of Greece, Mrs. George Phillipi, and Major Leonard Ropner, M.C., who were some of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Horlick's guests for Ascot Week. Lord and Lady Lisburne were also in their house-party

Ascot Week started with a very great blow to racing and sport in general, and to a great many of us in particular, by the death of Lord Sefton. The staunchest of friends and the best

of company, his loss will be felt wherever two or three are gathered together. Our deepest sympathy to Lady Sefton and his heir, Lord Molyneux.

The general shortage of money was exemplified by the Monday sales at Tattersalls', when horses, instead of making double their value, were in many cases given away or taken home, and the crowd was only half its ordinary size. Ascot itself, however, on the Tuesday was as opulent as ever, and there can be no place in the world like it to go racing. Under the able management of Sir Gordon Carter, improvements are made each year, and the course is as nearly perfect as possible, the herbage being so thick on the Swinley side as to soak one's feet through at early work in the mornings. This doesn't seem to worry Lady James

"SIR
JOSHUA"
SNEYD.

Douglas or Lady Chesham, who are always out, as is Captain Leyland, who hasn't missed a morning for a good many

years now, wet or fine.

The paddock itself has been considerably altered for the totalisator, which, not being absolutely completed was not in use at the meeting. The new lunch rooms are an improvement, but the bar has been put so far away that only the very, very thirsty can use it. Let us fervently hope that the ban on ladies betting, anyway in the paddock, will

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

be removed, or else a very high rate of insanity will result among the more courteous males who will have to spend most of a hot June afternoon putting and taking complicated small change on horses at half-a-dozen different windows for their girl friends. Should the latter elect to dress again in anything like this year's costumes, it is very doubtful if there will be an ugly mob to do anything for them, as, looking at the Ascot fashions for the last fifty years nothing for sheer unsightliness has ever approached this year. For the most part the followers of Fashion were merely amorphous bundles rather untidily wrapped up in flowered flimsies of all sorts, though one must except the lady whose frock, a Salvation Army lass gone scarlet, was made in the shape of a cracker. In vain the photographers searched for a subject till Mrs. Hubert Loder appeared looking lovely, and for the remainder of the meeting the whole lot never left her.

The first day's racing was a cut-up for Fred Darling and Victor Gilpin, who each had three winners. The latter trained the tiny Bonny Boy II, who is only 15 hands but as game as his sire, Comrade, who won the Ascot Stakes, while Atbara, from the worst draw, spread-eagled her field in the Queen Mary Stakes. One generally expects the two-year-old races to be won by some marvellous Perse two-year-old first time out, but he doesn't seem quite to have got the material this year, and you cannot make a slick Perse out of a sow's yearling.

Wednesday was veritably a tragic day, with one of the worst thunderstorms on record, in the course of which a bookmaker in Tattersalls was struck by lightning. For over an hour the storm raged, until there was a sea of water in the paddock, the course was waterlogged, and racing was abandoned. Then the schlemozzle started. Owners didn't know where to meet their cars or chauffeurs where to look for their masters. The police have only one idea in their heads, and that is that one-fifth of the road only must be used for traffic going to the races in the morning and ditto for traffic leaving in the afternoon, so that four-fifths of the road is for the most part unused, and the delay prolonged.

One entire house party, hung up for over half an hour by a policeman at a cross-road, had to get into horse victorias facing the other way, and drive round by Bagshot to get to Sunninghill at all that evening. Those who were in the lunch tents during the storm had to walk back across the course, many of the unfortunate women over their ankles in water, and their long frocks soaked and ruined. When the damage was irretrievably done the sun came out and the evening was lovely. The postponed races were allotted to the two next days, making ten races in one day, which is altogether too strenuous a programme for enjoyment, and rather reminiscent of dog-racing at the White City. Fred Darling won the Hunt Cup very easily with The MacNab, who was so heavily backed for the Cambridgeshire last year but went wrong. He might easily win it this year.



HON. MRS. R. C. JENKINSON AND MISS GLYNN

At Ascot on Storm day, just before everything was blown sideways and swamped. The Hon. Mrs. Jenkinson is Lord Harcourt's youngest sister

MAJOR F. B. SNEYD

Who is called "The Sparsholt Wizard" and deserves it, if for nothing else than for keeping that old warrior Sir Joshua on his legs. He also trains Mrs. Corlette Glorney's Posterity



More Ascot



LORD AND LADY DUFFERIN

On the first day of Royal Ascot—in other words, before the Flood—when Fashion went to all lengths with outfits of the most bizarre nature. Lady Dufferin, however, took a firm hand with her dressmaker, and consequently looked very charming in a flared frock of moderate dimensions and a simple crinoline hat



MR. KEITH MENZIES (left) AND LORD AND LADY BESSBOROUGH



LORD AND LADY HASTINGS



LADY CREWE AND LADY GRANARD

Two attractive figures who were among the occupants of the Royal Box. Both Lady Crewe and Lady Granard had selected wide-brimmed blue hats on Ascot's opening day, and variations of this colour were provided by the becoming hydrangeas which decorated Their Majesties' entourage

LOOKING FOR FRIENDS:
MR. R. SLESSOR AND LADY CYNTHIA SLESSOR

Right:
LADY SALMOND, LORD STAVORDALE, AND THE HON. IMOGEN GRENFELL

Though Lord Desborough's younger daughter paid tribute to the long skirt, her sister, Lady Salmond, successfully ignored it in favour of a printed crêpe de chine two-piece. Mr. Rodney Slessor upheld the standard of masculine fashions, and his wife, as usual, looked engaging. These pictures were taken the day before Wednesday's tragic wash-out



With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING.

What of the Censor?

I DON'T suppose for a moment that the Censor will pass for production Marc Connelly's play, *The Green Pastures* (Gollancz. 6s.), which we are told has in America created a greater sensation than any other play of the century. To bring the actual figure of God into a play, however reverently, is to bring suddenly as from the dead every old woman, male and female, in the British Isles. About the tawdry vulgarity and implied indecency of hundreds of talkies and film plays from which the none-too-well educated and the inexperienced take their moral and intellectual pap, the Censor has nothing to say to these. You may imply anything, but it is considered indecent to state baldly what you imply. The metaphorical fig-leaf is one of the world-miracles in that it clothes while at the same time makes quite indecently naked. And so God on the stage, even as a "voice off," creates a tremendous fluttering among people who think nothing at all of seeing Him in a picture or in a stained-glass window. Only of course He must not be *doing* anything, not even talking. But *The Green Pastures* not only makes Him talk, but it makes Him eat and smoke, take a holiday, sleep, and sit at a roll-topped desk going through reports! Moreover it dresses Him up in a frock-coat and top hat just like a Sunday-school teacher. Yet the whole thing is extraordinarily reverent, extraordinarily human, even beautiful. For the play is a play written around the conception of the Bible stories as they are actually translated in the minds of simple negroes in the Southern States of America. And after all when most of us try to picture what Heaven would be like, we must, if we have any imagination at all, lend variety to it other than eternal singing and the eternal twang of harps. Yet if you cease from singing and from harp-playing your imagination is bound to re-create something very like life in this world, only of course much happier. So in this picture of a negro Heaven there are fish-frys and dancing and singing, jokes, a few mild quarrels, all the happy existence as it might be imagined by a simple mind. Thus you have enacted the story of Adam and Eve and the Fall, of Moses and the plagues of Egypt, of the Flood, and finally of the Crucifixion and the Redemption, as negroes, especially negro children would picture them when they think of these Bible stories. There is no blasphemy about it. On the contrary there is an extraordinary reverence. The play, indeed, is a remarkable *tour de force*. All the way through it is permeated by affection for and understanding of the half-developed negro yearning to make everything he has been told real and satisfying and beautiful. If only the end had been better it would have been a great play. Unfortunately, the scene conjuring up the Crucifixion and the Atonement is so "hurried" that, reading the play, it loses what should have been its great culminating effect. It is altogether banal and bad. Up to that moment, however, the effect it produces is extraordinary. One would love to see it on the stage, supremely well produced. Its stage effects, according

to the author's directions, should be extremely original and interesting. As it is, one can easily understand why the play has caused a "sensation." Its spiritual beauty, for it *has* spiritual beauty, emerges from things which outwardly have the reputation for being neither spiritual nor beautiful. But that is because most of us are so imaginatively dull that we cannot recognize anything unless it be labelled and sanctified. I want badly to read *The Green Pastures* again.

A Volume of Good Stories.

Some people can read a volume of short stories; some simply cannot. For those who can, I can recommend Baroness von Hutten's new book, "The Curate's Egg" (Mills and Boon. 7s. 6d.). They are none of them remarkable as the best short stories go, but every one of them is readable, and some might be even better than they are had they been longer and worked out more elaborately—so good are their plots as plots. Moreover, each one is different. England, Italy, China—the background moves to many parts of the world, but always it surrounds an unusual incident. Indeed, you could take the book on a very long railway journey through the dullest country and never for one moment be bored.

A First-class Memoir.

An infinitely more vital volume however is Doris Arthur Jones' altogether admirable memoir of her father, "The Life and Letters of Henry Arthur Jones" (Gollancz. 25s.). Her book of course deals not only with his plays but with his character and life. Moreover, the atmosphere of the book is not only one of deep affection but it is not without a certain criticism from the outside, so to speak. Thus you have something approaching a real character-study of a man who was indeed a character. To a certain extent, too, it is a book of social history, the social history of life which surrounds literature and the drama. Apart from anything else the letters it contains from George Bernard Shaw would make it remarkable. They are letters, not mere notes, and they are more self-revealing of the real G. B. S. than anything I have hitherto read. They are letters between contemporaries who were almost life-long friends. And although in the later years of Henry Arthur Jones' life this friendship fell

away to become a kind of angry criticism of political opinions, their mutual affection still endured though it was clouded by prejudice and misunderstanding. H. A. J. was certainly something of a stormy petrel. What he thought he said, and what he said he stuck to. Yet he was an extraordinarily lovable man, very human, intensely loyal. Even more interesting than the account in this book of his life as a dramatist and writer is the account told in letters of his friendship with such men as Shaw and Max Beerbohm. Max Beerbohm, indeed, contributes a perfectly delightful letter to Mrs. Thorne, which provides also an Introduction to the book. But the whole volume has been very readably arranged and compiled. Not for a long time have I read a book of memoirs which is more interesting, more



PIETRO MASCAGNI

By Autori

Born in Leghorn (Livorno) in 1863, the composer of the immortal "Cavalleria Rusticana" is one of those who do not grow old, and the artist who drew this impression, who is an intimate friend, does not believe that Mascagni ever will. "L'Amico Fritz" and "Parisina" are the other two best known of Mascagni's works

SPADE OR SHOVEL? By George Belcher



Vicar (showing new housekeeper round): This is the—er—beehive

Housekeeper: No need to beat about the bush, sir. If ever you wants a good 'earty swear, I'm 'ardened to it

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

likeable, or more important if you would learn how such men and women as Ellen Terry, Pinero, Barrie, Thomas Hardy, Kipling, George Alexander, Conrad, Henry Irving, Swinburne, Tree, Wyndham, among many others, appear in the guise of genuine friendship and real affection. It is this intimacy which makes the book so precious and so extraordinarily interesting. And if you love anecdotes they are here in plenty. Here is one. It concerns President Hadley of Yale. An eminent divine who was noted for the wearisome length of his sermons was due to preach at the University. He said to President Hadley just before the service: "May I inquire the length of time set aside for my discourse, because I have very weighty and important matters to deal with?" The reply was: "T—t—there is n—no set t—time for the sermon, b—bu—but we have a tradition souls aren't saved after t—t—twenty minutes." And I hope some preachers I know will read that!

* * *

The Kind of Innocence Which "Gets There."

"Susannah the Dauntless" (Sampson Low. 7s. 6d.), by Richard Starr, lived among film stars, vamps, mannequins, and young men who took the aforementioned stars, vamps, and mannequins for rides in fast motor-cars, but she still preserved her freshness and complete innocence. We must take Mr. Starr's word for it! But she was knowing enough to pass the photograph of a famous film actor off as "her boy." She was in love with him, though she had never met him, and didn't even know who he was. However, Fate is generally partial to the knowing, and always provided that you act innocent, a girl can create sympathy for herself in the most awkward situations. This happened to Susannah, who otherwise was so busy arranging and rearranging the love-affairs of her friends that it was all Bill Coster could do to grab her and marry her outright. Previous to this, however, he had successfully, though quite without intention, masqueraded as Hunter Weston, the movie actor with whom Susannah thought she was in love. It is a gay, impossible, but very breezy story, and Susannah, equally gay and impossible, is certainly breezy company. A novel for a wet afternoon. Well, here is another though of quite a different kind. "The Owl" (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.), by Frank King. It contains enough murders and abductions, crooks, grim, mysterious figures, and pistols to satisfy the deepest lover of these things in fiction. It begins with a heroine being captured with her father, by a gentleman called "The Owl"; a young man, falling in love with the girl at first sight, visiting her home at dead of night, and being chloroformed, finds himself, when he regains consciousness, in a refrigerator with two already frozen corpses for company! So you see, if you are in the mood for thrills, here is more than enough for your money. It is certainly exciting enough, and the writer's well-kept secret of The Owl's real identity lifts the story into a category above the ordinary.

* * *

A Novel of European Reputation.

That novel of European reputation, ". . . and Co." (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.), comes in its English translation so plastered on its dust-cover with laudatory criticism from the pens of the Great (Arnold Bennett, Romain Rolland, André Maurois, Paul Claudel, among others) that there seems little for me to add, except that, metaphorically speaking, a flea as well as a kangaroo can jump! It is the kind of novel for which the word

"mighty" can be applied with safety. Yet, although it is impressive to a degree, I personally found it quite unmoving. The intellect is stirred all the time; the imagination—scarcely ever. The author, Jean-Richard Bloch, sticks so relentlessly to outward reality that the interior spirit, which nevertheless helps to animate life, is almost entirely absent. All the same the cumulative effect of the novel is stupendous. One feels that this indeed is actually a slice of life—if life were something only to be observed. The individual always is subordinated to the scene. The story tells of a family of Jewish cloth-makers who, refusing to become Germans, emigrated from Alsace in 1870 to a small French manufacturing town, there to build up their business and their fortune all over again. On the altar of this business and this fortune everything is sacrificed—individuality, liberty, love, independence. The personal lives of the

Simlers are crushed to achieve this success. It is the history of the colossal perseverance of a business family who, from success, have to face failure in what to them is a foreign country; and then, when they have begun again to mount the ladder of fortune, the ladder breaks, only to be mended at last when a new manufacturing process copied from English houses puts them once again on the road to success. In this uphill fight, however, each one of the family is sacrificed. It is a desolate victory for all of them. Monsieur Bloch tells the history of the Simlers with marvellous fidelity to the truth. His strength lies in this relentless method. And even, or so it seems to me, if life is only half revealed that way, as one side of this revelation ". . . and Co." is a novel it is quite essential to read. In its way it is a wonderful narrative.

* * *

Bought and Paid for by Experience.

"High Wages" (Murray. 7s. 6d.), by Dorothy Whipple, may not be the kind of novel which High Brow Literary Societies will crown with the laurel of their unimportant literary approval, but in its quiet yet very effective way it is a quite charming story. "Experience doth take dreadfully high wages, but she teacheth like none other," runs the motto in the book's title page. But the story itself is not nearly so dreadful as all that. In fact the

wages which Jane Carter got for her experiences as a worker earning 5s. a week at the beginning, and as a shopkeeper on her own account at the end were, taking it on the whole, almost liberal—when you come to think of much of the wretched compensations which experience often doles out to its victims. True she had an unfortunate love affair; but, even though she loved a young married man she did not come off so badly, because a much nicer young man, who also happened to be unmarried, loved her, and was not too impatient to wait. But the charm of the story does not lie so much in its sentimental romance as in Jane herself—her downrightness, her determination to get on, her endeavours to better herself, and always her healthy sense of fun and friendliness. Jane, coupled with Miss Whipple's amusing and interesting background of a northern provincial town, and the well-observed and entertaining characters who fill in this background are always good entertainment. "High Wages" struck me, indeed, as being an excellent story, simply related, but always interesting and often amusing. The kind of novel which almost everyone will like.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. xxx of this issue



Child (reprimanded for stealing fruit): But Eve stole fruit—and she was grown up!

THE AMERICA CUP

Two of "Shamrock V's" Rivals



"ENTERPRISE"



"WEETAMOE"

(INSET) SIR THOMAS LIPTON, "SHAMROCK V's" OWNER

Two pictures of possible defenders of the America Cup taken during some recent trials off Newport, Rhode Island, where the Cup will be sailed for on September 13 instead of off Sandy Hook as upon previous occasions. "Shamrock V's" measurements are : 134 tons, water-line 81'1 ft., beam 19'62 ft., draught 14'66 ft., sail area 7,600 sq. ft. "Weetamoe's" are : 143 tons, water-line 83 ft., beam 20 ft., draught 15 ft., sail area 7,565. "Enterprise's" : 129 tons, water-line 80 ft., beam 21'4 ft., draught 15'5 ft., sail area 7,580. Both these American yachts have more beam than "Shamrock V," and it is said that their designers believe that in the kind of breeze they are likely to get off Rhode Island in September this is going to serve them in very good stead indeed. This remains to be seen, for the differences are not very great

AIR EDDIES : *By* OLIVER STEWART

Aeroplane Sales.

GREAT improvements have been made lately in the methods of selling aeroplanes to the general public, and these should be of assistance in popularizing private flying. It is almost true to say now that one may obtain an aeroplane with its twelve months' Certificate of Airworthiness "in exchange second-hand gramophone (spring broken)." This extension of the hire-purchase, exchange, put-and-take, re-purchase, easy-payment, beneficent, and distinctly Dragian systems of buying to aircraft is of particular value because there is a large proportion of people who wish to fly but who may be classed among the perpetually poverty-stricken. They are the enthusiasts who, having nothing, are prepared to sacrifice even that to purchase an aeroplane. And it is a mistake to think that their custom is not worth having, for if the flying habit is instilled into them early enough they retain it, and perhaps later on, who knows, a rich aunt or uncle may suddenly raise them from the ranks of the paupers to those of the plutocrats.

There are now several firms selling aircraft who are experienced in the means which must be employed to tap every possible market. I shall hope to mention the work of some of these firms from time to time, but it would be invidious to draw distinctions between them, and consequently it is necessary to select them entirely at random. In the Services the firm of Auto-Auctions is very well known, largely owing to the facilities it offers to officers home on leave to obtain a car at the smallest possible expense. Its aero department is now controlled by Squadron-Leader Ridley, and provides facilities for the purchase of aircraft as favourable as those for cars. The firm specializes in the Bluebird, which, regarded purely as a touring machine, is one of the most attractive on the market. The Bluebird is £200 more than the standard Moth but it is a machine out of the ordinary, and I find that the side-by-side seating attracts motorists in particular. Something like fourteen Bluebirds will be flying in the King's Cup air-race, one of them having been entered by Lord Trenchard. My own



W. J. Brunnell

A BLACKBURN BLUEBIRD

One of the side-by-side seaters which are being put on the market by Auto-Auctions, Ltd., and are becoming increasingly popular, especially of course with aerial honeymooners and people who may want to play picquet. The two young people in the picture are Mr. Barrow and Miss Kitty Bennett, and the snapshot was taken just before the machine took off



John Vickers

A LADY GLIDER

One of the lady members of the Midland Glider Club about to be catapulted into the air by the elastic ropes. The Midland is one of the many glider clubs which are being started all over the country

experience of the Bluebird is that it is comfortable and efficient. And I am inclined to think that it would wear exceptionally well. Auto-Auctions give comprehensive service to their clients, and their system of selling aircraft is likely to bring a large number of new people into the ranks of the private aeroplane owners.

Sywell.

The programme of the Sywell Pageant, which was opened by Captain C. D. Barnard, exhibited a good deal of imaginative enterprise. It was by no means a repetition of the usual pageant programme, and in addition to the novelties the aerobatics were of an exceptionally high standard. From Flight-Lieutenant Johnson down through the whole gamut of the best aerobatic pilots the flying was finished and interesting. But the succession of pageants that have taken place this year have directed attention to the limits to the entertainment value of aerobatics. Every pilot has his own method of performing aerobatics, and to other pilots his manoeuvres will always be of interest. But it seems doubtful if the lay public have a sufficient appreciation of the finer points of flying to derive much satisfaction from a long succession of aerobatic displays. At Sywell the aerobatics were so good that they served their purpose as an entertainment with brilliant success; but it is doubtful if, in less happy circumstances, they can be expected to do so. It would be advisable at future pageants to limit the aerobatics to two or three displays produced with the greatest care without any other aircraft being allowed in the air at the same time. A good aerobatic display would gain greatly in entertainment value if it were so presented that the attention of the spectators was fixed upon it and kept concentrated upon it the whole time. This concentration would necessitate the abolition of all distracting influences.

Aerobatics were also to the fore, as I am told, at the Reading Air Fête. It was as well attended as the former one. Another National Flying Services occasion shortly

(Continued on p. xxvi)



F. King & Co.

CAPTAIN C. D. BARNARD

The famous long-distance flight pilot declaring the recent Northampton (Sywell Pageant) Aero meeting open. This meeting was one of the most successful held so far this season. Aerobatics were a leading feature in the programme

The High Tide of the Season



MRS. PETER ROSS

Lafayette

(Right)—LADY JOAN CHILD-VILLIERS



Peter North

Mrs. Peter Ross, of whom the above is the most recent portrait, was presented at one of the May Courts by her mother-in-law, Lady Una Ross, who is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Dartrey. Mr. Peter Ross is in the Navy, and the marriage took place last September. The then bride is the eldest daughter of Captain the Right Hon. Herbert Dixon, Chief Whip, in the Ulster Parliament. Lady Joan Child-Villiers is a sister of the present young Earl of Jersey and one of the daughters of Lady Cynthia Slessor. Lady Dunn, wife of Sir James Dunn, the well-known banker of Norfolk House, Park Lane, is with her eight-months-old daughter Anne. Sir James and Lady Dunn are now settled in their house in Norfolk Street after a long visit to their Canadian estates, and have taken the fine Georgian house, Dale Park, close to Arundel Castle, for the summer months. Sir James is collecting some very beautiful pictures and furniture in his London house and possesses several examples of Augustus John's work



LADY DUNN AND HER DAUGHTER ANNE

Lenore

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Petticoat
Influence," at
St. Martin's Theatre



PEGGY CHALFONT (MISS DIANA WYNYARD) AND LORD DARNAWAY (SIR NIGEL PLAYFAIR)

Blackmail in a good cause—getting your husband the job—becomes doubly difficult when the Cabinet Minister under fire is obtuse enough to jump to wrong conclusions concerning the identity of his wife's lover

THIS is good fun—one of those slender, satirical, superficial, sufficiently witty drawing-room comedies which skim the cream off high life as it isn't quite, and leave behind a glow of transient but comforting satisfaction. Beef-tea and bread and butter pudding are admirable fare, but champagne and a *soufflé* have their psychological moments. There are times when one's theatrical appetite craves only for the sublimities of a German Hamlet or the gloom profound of the latest Scandinavian realist. There are others when the passing hour flirts with idleness; when one declines to be stunned by intellectual hammers; when the only tolerable sensation is to be tickled, briefly and lightly, by the airiest of feathers. When, in other words, one wants two stalls at the St. Martin's for *Petticoat Influence*.

For this agreeable state of affairs the first person to thank is the author. Mr. Neil Grant's facility for observation proclaims the satirist who knows the right people to poke fun at for the benefit of the right people. The art of playing battledore and shuttlecock with smart dialogue is given to few. Mr. Grant seems to possess a fair share of it, and his rallies lack neither sting nor stamina. More power to his elbow.

What happens in this nicely naughty mixture of petticoats and politics is virtually nothing. Nothing, one would think, to make a play about. But in these imbroglios words are the substance, deeds the shadow. Which profound truth at once unfolds another—that, when it comes to persiflage, clever talk clamours for witty acting. A dull actor can raise a smile from a witty line because it is fool-proof. A brilliant actor can make every line seem witty, or wittier than it is, because of some inherent quality in his playing or his personality. Mr. Ronald Squire and Miss Yvonne Arnaud, to go outside the St. Martin's,



MR. MORTON SELTEN AS LORD ALGERNON RAYTOUN

The penniless son of a duke who nearly got the Governorship because he happened to be the uncle of the Cabinet Minister's wife

are shining examples of the art of gilding the author's lilies.

Sir Nigel Playfair's dry-crusted humour is the touchstone of *Petticoat Influence*. The question whether the last Act fizzled out, comparatively speaking, or rose on a steady, mocking crescendo to drive home the last flippant Parthian shot depended, as I think Mr. Grant will agree, on how amusing the joke of the incorrigible public-speaker turning the tables of oratory on himself could be made. True, the orator was a particularly obtuse Cabinet Minister, and jokes about Cabinet Ministers and Government departments are pretty well infallible. True, again, the situation was distinctly, not to say highly, improper in that it contained all the ingredients of a first-rate scandal—blackmail, divorce, corruption in high places, and now one comes to think of it (one didn't take this indiscretion seriously at the time), a breach of the Seventh Commandment which ought to have brought disaster on the guilty parties. Instead of that an erring wife found the whip-hand unexpectedly hers, and a disgruntled subordinate got the job he wanted (blackmail again) because his chief had made a fool of himself.

Nevertheless, it was Sir Nigel's skill in making himself look sublime and ridiculous at the same time that reached climax by way of anti-climax with such point and humour. The husband who suspects his wife and guesses right is entitled to his say. The Earl of Darnaway's knowledge of women and the world embraced that truth. But it also held that the husband who guesses wrong has only one course of action open—surrender with dignity, peace with honour. His Lordship suspected Richard Chalfont (Mr. Frank Allenby) the right man for the Governorship of Arda (£6,000 a year), an important island in the Pacific. Darnaway, who proposed to give it to his wife's uncle, Lord Algernon Raytoun (Mr. Morton Selten) was surprised when Lady Darnaway (Miss Jane Millican) suddenly pleaded for Chalfont. Lady Darnaway had been in Switzerland for the winter sports. So had Chalfont.

The Earl put two and two together, but not the right two. It was Peggy Chalfont (Miss Diana

Wynyard) who laid the false trail. That impetuous, ravishing lady and devoted wife was justly incensed that her Richard's obvious qualifications for the island were to be passed over simply because Lord Algernon was Lady Darnaway's uncle and broke to the world. Intuition told her correctly that Richard's friend, Reggie (Mr. Robert Holmes), Darnaway's private secretary, was Lady Darnaway's lover. So Peggy began a mild course of blackmail. Unless Richard got the job the Earl should be told the truth. A preliminary spar between the wives speedily acquainted Lady Darnaway with the lie of the land. Her sudden support of Chalfont's candidature and Peggy's mild advances were too much for the obtuse politician. The Earl, smitten hip and thigh by Peggy's charms, proposed two divorces and the exchange of wives with the levity of a schoolboy suggesting a visit to the pictures. He favoured the old political formula of getting the parties together round a table and settling the matter over Claret '19 at the Embassy. But the indignant Chalfont wasn't having any, and the only way out of the *impasse* was to call in the secretary; of all people, whose price for a discreet silence was a recommendation to the Prime Minister, assuring him "the Canal" at £3,000 a year. The virtuous having got their deserts and the sinners their unjust reward, the only person left out in the cold was Lord Algernon. That drooping, inarticulate, Edwardian walrus, deprived of both Island and Canal, was left writhing in a chair at the prospect of facing his creditors, or alternatively retiring to Bognor and "the little woman" he kept there ("She's not a 'bit.' She's a dam fine woman, sir").

All this, I fear, may sound trite or trifling. The playgoer need hardly be told that modern comedies of this calibre do not lend themselves to ponderous analysis. They should be sipped as a bee sips honey, a transitory process which fails to apply to a proper observance of Miss Diana Wynyard's increasing reputation both as a charmer and an actress. Miss Wynyard's *moues* and mannerisms, the provocative pout, the impudent stare, the restless coquetry of the head, are universally accepted as irresistible. I subscribe to their fascination. Act I was all Miss Wynyard in all her repertoire of allure. Thereafter, the biter being



RICHARD CHALFONT
(MR. FRANK ALLENBY)

The right man for the job. He got it in the end, thanks to "petticoat influence" and a bad bungle by a husband who guessed wrong

bitten, self-confidence wilted at a kiss over the tea-cups. Our brazen blackmailer became afflicted with a *gaucherie* whereby buttered toast found its way somewhat surprisingly into the handbag of one who came to wheedle but remained to weep. When the twist of events changed Sir Nigel from pursued into pursuer, Miss Wynyard's chances inevitably declined. She had turned the tables on herself, and trousers, not petticoats, were calling the tune. It was a pity, perhaps, but Miss Wynyard can play in more than one key, and a very intriguing performance accrued. If it were possible to detach Mr. Morton Selten from his moustache, that drooping miracle alone would be sufficient to lampoon an entire generation of retired rakes, ducal dolts, and elderly sportsmen with a leer in each watery eye for a pretty ankle, not to mention "little women" at Bognor. With acknowledgments to the artful aid of Mr. Frank Allenby, Mr. Robert Holmes, Miss Jane Millican, Mr. John Hastings Turner the producer, and Mr. Laurence Irving's inviting modern settings, this appreciation of a smile-making evening is complete.

"The Beaux Stratagem."

For purposes of assessing the charms and merits of the revival which has brought *The Beaux Stratagem* to the Royalty, this paragraph must be read, please, on the assumption that brevity is the fullest measure of praise. Miss Edith Evans and Mr. Miles Malleon are the only "old hands," and all Covent Garden on a June morning cannot supply sufficient floral tributes to convey the joyousness of their playing, and indeed of everyone else's. Miss Evans is exquisite: such poise and wit turn every century into to-day. One hunts vainly for similes in the fragility of porcelain, the flick of rapiers, the cooing of doves, the flutter of eyelids. Mr. Malleon's profile alone is a lyric of laughter. Mr. Godfrey Tearle's Archer is rich in humour and in perfect tune with all the gay adventurings of Farquhar's comedy, so topical that both "crooks" and "bed-room scene" are not forgotten. A delightful affair. I beg you see it.

"TRINCULO."



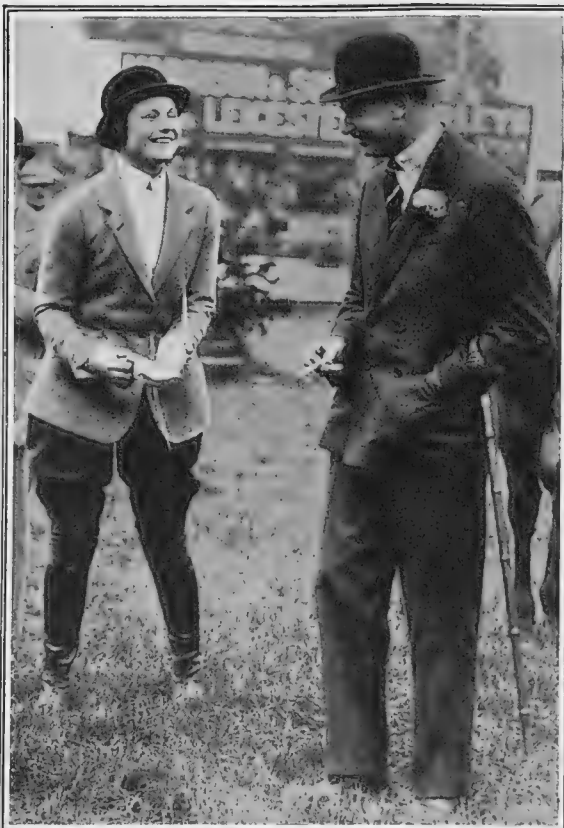
WHAT THE BUTLER (MR. VIVIAN REYNOLDS) MIGHT HAVE SEEN

Lady Darnaway (Miss Jane Millican) and Reginald Melcombe her husband's secretary (Mr. Robert Holmes), are lovers. Mrs. Chalfont knows it and begins a course of blackmail to get her husband "the Island." The Earl ought to have guessed it but didn't. Result—rout of the Cabinet Minister and jobs for Chalfont and the secretary

GOOD SHOOTING



AT ROEHAMPTON: MISS GILL COWAN AND MR. PRIOR-PALMER



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND MISS MOLLY GRETTON AT THE LEICESTERSHIRE COUNTY SHOW

WITH A CAMERA



ALSO AT LEICESTER: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF RUTLAND



LADY LAVERY WATCHING THE FINAL OF THE RANELAGH OPEN- CUP

A large concourse of personalities, among them Sir John Lavery's decorative wife, gathered at Ranelagh for the final of the Ranelagh Open Cup, which provided a contest as hot as the weather. El Gordo opened the scoring, but The Hurricanes quickly equalized, and though the first two chukkers were pretty even, The Hurricanes afterwards established a lead, and the final score was eight goals to four in their favour. Miss Evelyn Laye, lately returned from her American

The Duke of Gloucester, who travelled by air to the Leicestershire Show, made a protracted tour of the exhibits and was present at the official luncheon, at which, for the first time, there were no speeches. Miss Molly Gretton is the daughter of Colonel Gretton, M.P., who won with his Red Shorthorns. The Duke of Rutland, also a prize-winner, showed in the Aberdeen-Angus class. Mr. E. G. Prior-Palmer played No. 2 for The Pilgrims in the final of the Junior Championship, won by Whatcombe



LADY POLSON AND MISS EVELYN LAYE



THE NEW TENNANT: THE HON. DAVID AND MRS. TENNANT AND THEIR BABY

triumphs in "Bitter Sweet," was present with Lady Polson at the "Rogues and Vagabonds" Fête in the Botanical Gardens, and contributed to its success. Miss Laye is shortly to make another Atlantic crossing for the purpose of talking-picture making. The Hon. David Tennant and his wife (Miss Hermione Baddeley) are now back in England after farming in Canada, in favour of which Mr. Tennant forsook the B.B.C. Their son is a recent arrival and a very popular one

AN IMPERIAL PRESS CONFERENCE HOUSE PARTY



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF RICHMOND'S GUESTS
AT GOODWOOD HOUSE

Included in the above group taken last week at Goodwood, where the Duke and Duchess of Richmond gave a house party for the members of the Imperial Press Conference now assembled in London, are: The Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, the Earl and Countess of March, Miss Haig (Canada), Mrs. Leveson-Gower, the Hon. J. W. and Mrs. Mann (Australia), Lord and Lady Herbert Scott, Mrs. Williams (India), Miss Darell, Miss Vera Grenfell, Lord and Lady Aberdare, Mr. and Mrs. Coetzee (South Africa), Colonel and Mrs. Lawson, Mr. Thomas Leveson-Gower, Mr. Grenfell, Mr. Victor Gordon-Lennox, and the Countess of Lucan. In the lower picture is Mr. Williams, who also represents that spot upon which the eyes of the world are set at the moment, India. This is the fourth Imperial Press Conference, and this movement owed its inception to Sir Harry Brittain, who organized the first Conference in 1909 and was chairman of the Arrangements Committee for those of 1920 and 1925, and he still carries on this important and most necessary work

Photographs by Arthur Owen



LORD LUCAN, THE DUKE OF RICHMOND, MISS AVERIL SMITH,
AND MR. WILLIAMS

Priscilla in Paris



MLLE. RAQUEL MELLER

Arip

In her dressing-room at the Palace Theatre in Paris where she has had her usual success in a delightful revue by St. Granier. It is rumoured that she is to appear next autumn in an operetta by Maurice Rostand

this season. A new open-air sea-water swimming pool and new bathing-huts near the Bar du Soleil. The new golf in the grounds of the Château de Lassay, and its ditto hotel overlooking the Vallée de Touques, while a large area on the outskirts of the Forest of St. Gatien is being prepared to make a new landing and take-off for flying visitors. I can foresee the posters, can't you? One-hour-from-Croydon-twenty-minutes-from-Le Bourget! Twenty minutes, eh? I thought of this somewhat ruefully as I sat in the ditch warbling "Oh for the Wings of a Dove." Not that I worried unduly. I felt sure that friends would trundle along sooner or later. They did, and quite "sooner" too. They survived the *caniveau*, thanks to my frantic waving, and from sheer gratitude had to adopt me for the rest of the day. Having arranged at the next village for the salvage of my wreck, the picnic proceeded. Some picnic. The friends—being American—were the sort that bring plenty of ice with them, lots of liquid, and forget neither the mustard nor the fruit. Need I say more? As for the place-where-we-picnicked, I'd heard of it before, but it has to be seen to be believed. Villennes-sur-Seine where the Nudists have their camp. As a matter of fact we didn't realize what we'd struck till the middle of lunch (which had been preceded by several cocktails) a fact that somewhat fortified us. I bore the brunt of the first contact, for I was facing the gap in the trees through which the apparition loomed.

It was elderly and entirely naked except for what appeared to be a triangular patch of black court plaster, but turned out to be the shortest shorts I have ever seen. It was doing Indian club exercises with a couple of empty beer bottles, and humming a little song. . . . My friends, seeing my somewhat strained expression, turned in their seats to follow my gaze. Folding-chairs are not made to bear solid males in moments of surprise. When mine host and a guest had finished picking up the débris the bloke with the beer bottles had vanished. Not for long

I had intended, Très Cher, to spend Whitsuntide at Deauville, but if woman proposes the high road (in this case) disposes. I wrecked my back axle in an unmarked-up and therefore unexpected *caniveau* that drained a wretched turnip field (that may have been artichokes for all I know) while I was trying out a greatly vaunted (damn the lad who told me of it) short-cut. It is only from hearsay, therefore, that I can assure you that Deauville has various improvements (so they say) to boast of

He returned with samples of the rest of the camp that came out to gaze in amazement at our coveredness! I have never felt so conspicuous in all my life as when that naked (more naked than ornamental) crowd came to stare at our caparisoned bodies. You know that awful dream that everyone admits to, the dream of finding oneself naked in a public place. It was like that with us, only the other way round.

The Nudists, bare-footed on their native heath (well planted with nettles, too, but they didn't seem to care) were perfectly happy, though some of them must have needed to wear rose-coloured spectacles every time they faced a mirror. We were less happy. So few of the sights we saw were conducive to happiness. For every charming wench who looked like (turn to the advertisement pages, gentle reader) the lady in the Kestos garments there were a dozen others who resembled the jelly that won't jell. After the mutual staring about was over we visited the camp. All very hygienic and stark. Medicine ball. Punching ball. Physical jerks of every kind. Sleeping bags on the hard earth for the hardy. Tents and cabins for the softies. Terribly healthy and all that, but somehow I haven't booked a bag or a cabin yet. I prefer to do my sun-worshipping by the sea. I don't like stinging nettles or the possibility of broken glass that those empty beer bottles suggested. I may be finicky, but *que voulez vous que je vous dise moi!!*

Has young Marguerite Gilbert made her London curtsy to you at the Coliseum yet? I believe she is due to do so these days, and I hope you will like her as much as we do in Paris where she is a comparatively recent, but a very real star. She has been singing some most amusing songs at the Moulin de la Chanson, one of Roger Ferréol's entertaining cabarets, and Paris approves greatly. She is a very vital little lady and has a pleasing way of being everywhere on the stage at once; she sings, she dances, she monologues, she plays her own accompaniment at times in order to give her hard-worked accompanist a rest and, here and then, she bursts into English of a weird but attractive kind. You will like her, I think, she is so gay and unspoiled, and so obviously glad to be up-and-doing.

I was almost forgetting to tell you the great reception given to Albert Coates who conducted the *première* (in Paris) of the Opéra Russe's representation of *Sadko*. A tremendous house and a tremendous reception; on Sunday night, too, after a most grilling day when one would have expected everyone to shun theatres like the plague. We were damp . . . but enthusiasm was not!—Love, t.c., PRISCILLA.



MLLE. MARGUERITE GILBERT

A clever young "quick-silver" singer who has made a great hit in Paris at the Moulin de la Chanson and elsewhere. Her songs in French and English go with a zip and her dancing and piano-playing are en suite

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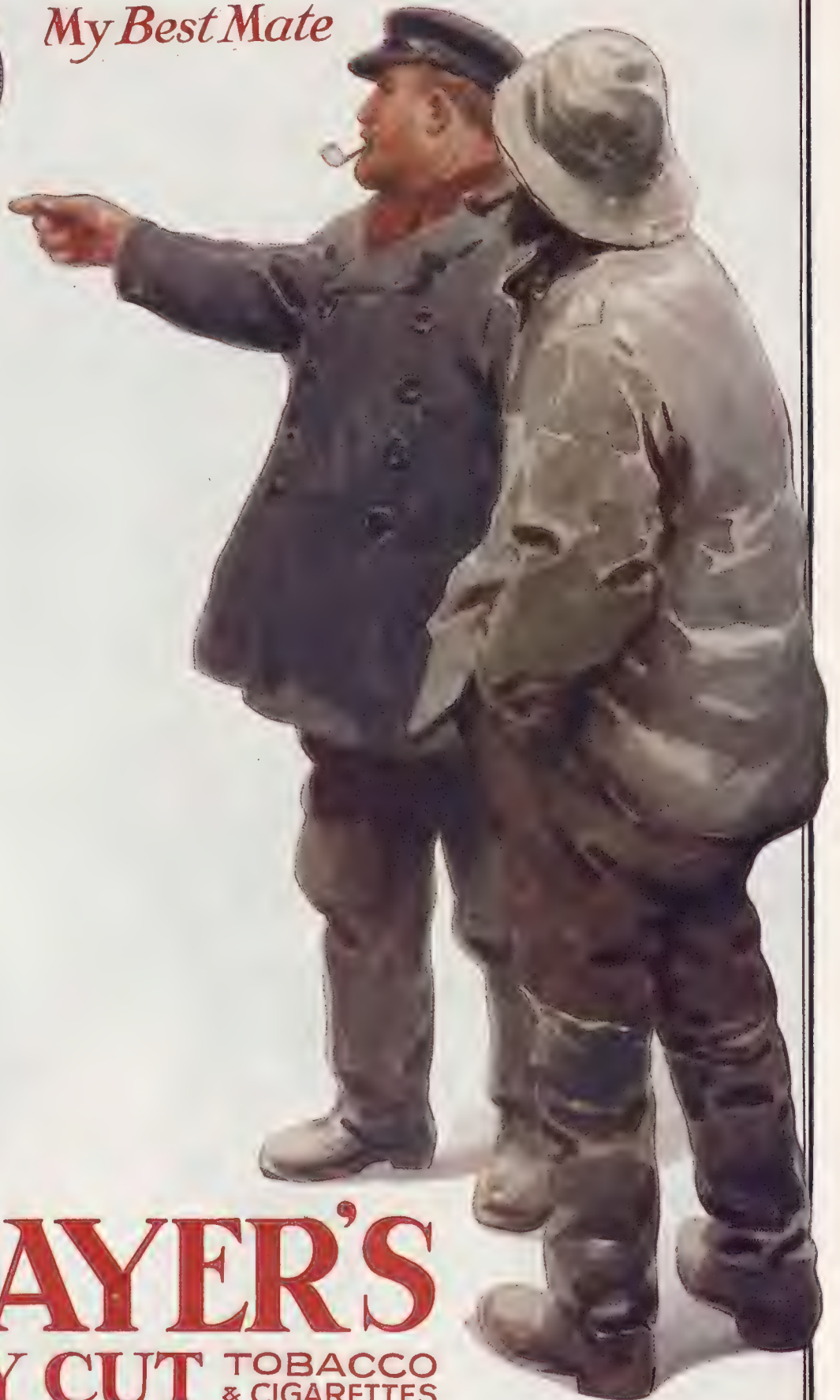


SLIGHTLY TACTLESS

By Webster Murray



My Best Mate



PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT TOBACCO
& CIGARETTES

N.C.C. 764



FROM EAST TO WEST—THE JAVANESE DOLL

By Douglas Wales



FLOTSAM

By Leonard Potts

598—599



TSAM

ard Potts

A large 3D graphic of the words "FORT DUNLOP" in red letters on grey pillars. The pillars are arranged in a way that the letters are staggered, creating a sense of depth. Each pillar has a small circular logo with the word "FORT" and a red and yellow striped pattern. In the foreground, a Dunlop tire is shown, with the word "DUNLOP" and "FORT" visible on the sidewall. The tire has a distinctive tread pattern. The background is a light pinkish-red color with a subtle grid pattern.

'FORT' DUNLOP—the Tyre incomparable. Built to an ideal. The 'Fort' is a supreme tyre-building achievement and a proven economy. Look for the Red and Yellow medallion on the side wall.

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THE SEAT THAT STOOD UP TO IT

By H. M. Bateman

GUINNESS AND LOBSTER



G.E. 96

A HOLLYWOOD GALLERY



SARI MARITZA IN "GREEK STREET"

Frank Davis



ALICE WHITE AND A FRIEND OF OURS



RICHARD DIX AND MIRIAM SEEGAR IN "SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE"

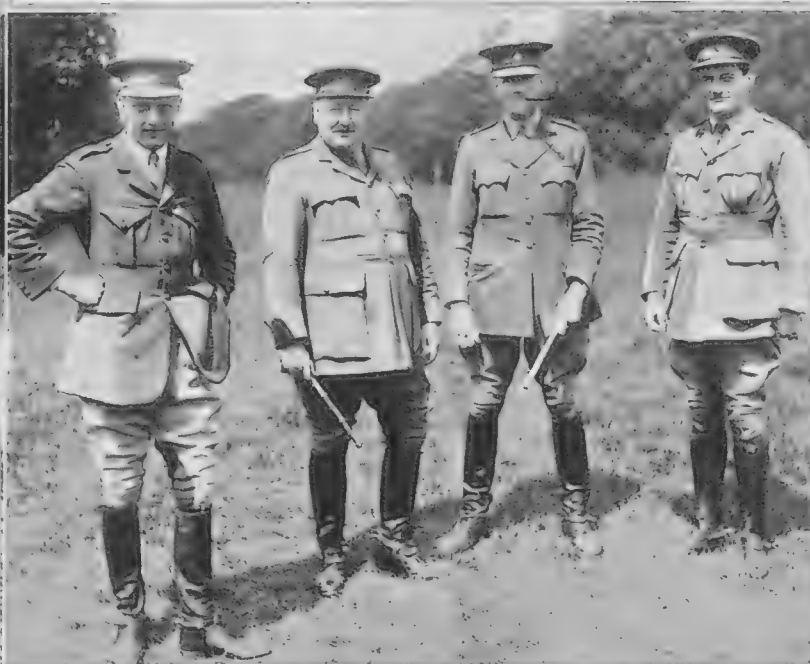
Little Alice White made her screen debut only in 1927, and before that had been working as a clerk. She was discovered by Von Sternberg, the director, and after doing work as what is called a script girl was finally put into a picture, "The Sea Tiger," with Milton Sills. She is held to be a pocket edition of Clara Bow. Her next picture is "Show Girl in Hollywood." "Greek Street," in which Sari Maritza appears, has not found its way to England at the time of going to press. "Seven Keys to Baldpate" was the play in which poor Charles Hawtrey was so amusing a long time ago, and is all about an author who guarantees to produce a first-class crime-thriller in one night locked up in an eerie crook-haunted place called Baldpate. Richard Dix plays Hawtrey's part in the film version

IN THE CAMERA BARRAGE



Poole, Dublin

LADY VERONICA BLACKWOOD AND
"GALLANTRY" AT CLONDEBOYE



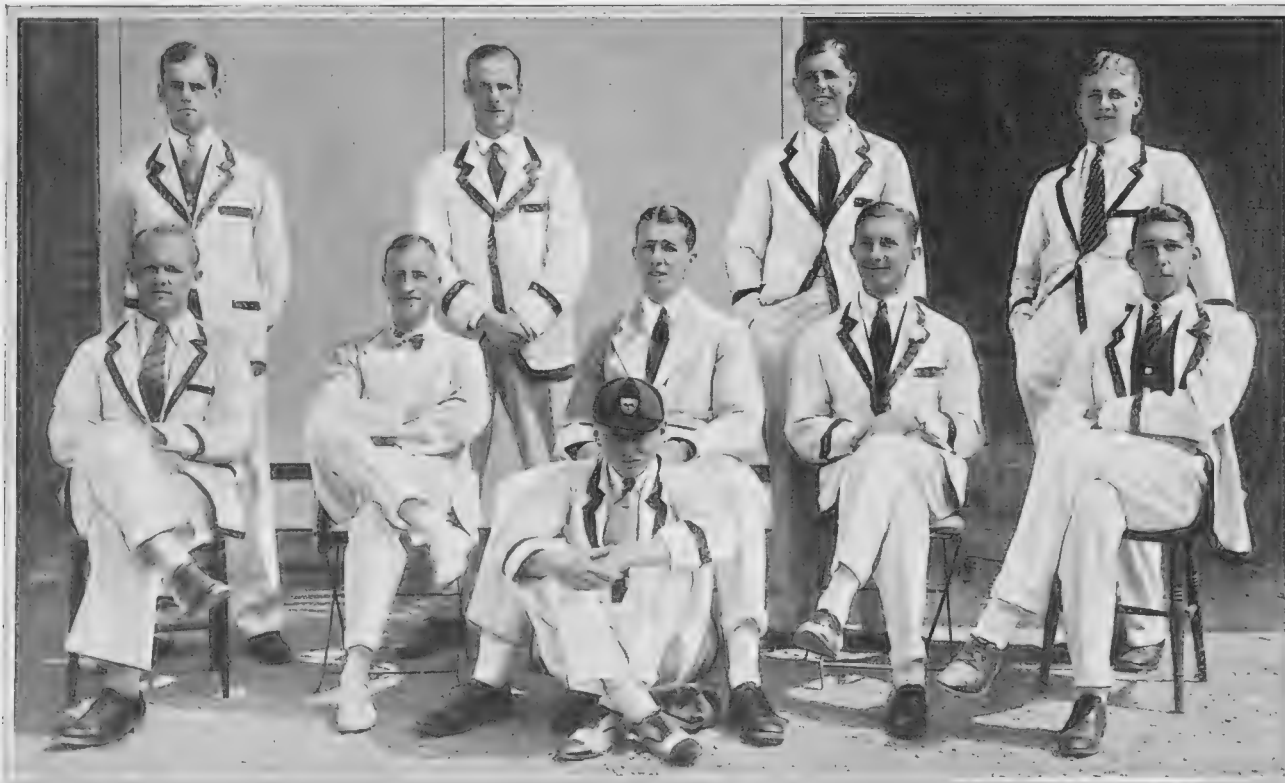
Truman Howell

WITH THE WARWICKSHIRE YEOMANRY: MAJOR GERALD OSBORNE,
LIEUT.-COL. C. H. WHEATLEY, (C.O.), CAPT. R. L. GREENSHIELDS,
AND MAJOR THE MARQUESS OF NORTHAMPTON



Lenore

MISS JOAN MILNE, A
RECENT BRIDESMAID



R. S. Crisp

JESUS I, HEAD OF THE RIVER AT THE CAMBRIDGE MAYS. THE NAMES OF THE CREW ARE: Back—G. P. FAIRBAIRN, M. A. BELLVILLE, J. M. FRASER, A. W. ANSTEY; seated—R. F. OHLSSON, MR. CONRAD SKINNER (COACH), P. N. CARPMAEL (STROKE), F. T. COULTON, AND D. H. MAYS-SMITH; on ground—C. D. EBERSTEIN (COX.)



CAPT. PETER MACDONALD

Lady Veronica Blackwood is Lord and Lady Dufferin's only daughter, and is to be a bridesmaid at her brother's, Lord Ava's, wedding to Miss Maureen Guinness on July 3. Lord Dufferin is the Speaker of the Senate of Northern Ireland. Miss Joan Milne is the pretty daughter of F.-M. Sir George and Lady Milne, and was a bridesmaid at the wedding of Miss Margaret Kell and Captain Colin Douglas Robertson, R.A. The Warwickshire Yeomanry, which Colonel Wheatley commands, were in camp in the grounds of Warwick Castle. Major Osborne is well-known with the Warwickshire Hounds, and Captain Greenshields, K.D.G.'s, is the adjutant of the regiment. The Cambridge Mays were rowed in weather of which even "A.D.E.W.," the author of the Eton Boating Song would have approved. Pembroke were the runners-up to Jesus I. Captain Peter Macdonald is the member for the Isle of Wight, and was snapshotted at Cowes during the recent regattas

PERSONALIA

In London and Italy



EXPLORER AND AUTHOR: VITTORIA
COLONNA DUCHESSA DI SERMONETA

Eva Barrett, Rome



Raphael

MISS ANGELA AND MISS
ROSEMARY VILLIERS

Above: An effective head study of two of the Duke of Roxburghe's nieces. Miss Angela Villiers and her sister Rosemary are respectively the eldest and third daughters of Colonel Charles and Lady Victoria Villiers and an exceedingly pleasant pair. Miss Rosemary Villiers is one of this season's debutantes. Mlle. Sylvia Regis de Oliveira (on the right) is the daughter of the Brazilian Ambassador and Madame Regis de Oliveira, and has for the past two years been a decoration to London Society. The Duchessa di Sermoneta, who is a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen of Italy, is seen in the sporting suiting she wore during her recent expedition on mule-back in Abyssinia. For three months she never saw another woman, and in exploring little-known regions her caravan was on one occasion attacked by hostile natives. Her hazardous experiences are shortly to be published in book form. The Duchessa is partly of English descent through her maternal grandmother, who married the Duca di San Teodoro



Raphael

MLLE, SYLVIA DE REGIS OLIVIERA

Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE" By

MAJOR C. VAN DER BYL, who is running this anti-trapping campaign entirely at his own expense, and so far as I can see unaided financially by the R.S.P.C.A., who probably do not see as much publicity in it as there is in backing up the anti-stag-hunting Bill—a sighting shot of course for an anti-fox-hunting Bill—sends me the following reply to the letter from my trapper friend in Chihuahua, Mexico, and I am glad to publish it because it is a useful prelude to a great deal more which I and many other people have to say about the R.S.P.C.A. and its attitude towards trapping and shooting v. hunting. Major Van der Byl writes:

The "Trapper" whose letter appeared in your notes is a sportsman, and like all such does his very best to make his sport as little cruel as possible. He has to keep down predatory animals such as pumas, wolves, and coyotes by means of traps, which extend along a fifty-mile beat, and which he visits every day, following up the animals which drag the traps with hounds.

"Trapper" lives in Mexico, and it is unfortunate that traps cannot be visited daily in Canada, where most of the furs come from, owing to the weather conditions and also to the beats, which extend for many miles, having to be visited on foot. These animals are often left for days in the most excruciating agony; and I cannot believe that any woman who knew the facts would ever wish to be seen wearing a trapped fur again. Every time a trapped fur is bought

another animal is condemned to a death of torture to replace it. It may not be known by some that seals are frequently skinned alive, also many of the reptilia, particularly the huge Java python.

Fur farms are doing much to abolish the ghastly horrors of trapping; there are over 4,000 silver fox farms now in Canada, and members of the Canadian Silver Fox Breeders' Association have over 30,000 pairs of breeding foxes, according to the latest reports I have received. Farmed foxes are generally killed in a lethal chamber, but I believe this is not always done, and I should be most grateful to "Trapper" if he would send me any evidence

he may have about inhumane ways of killing.

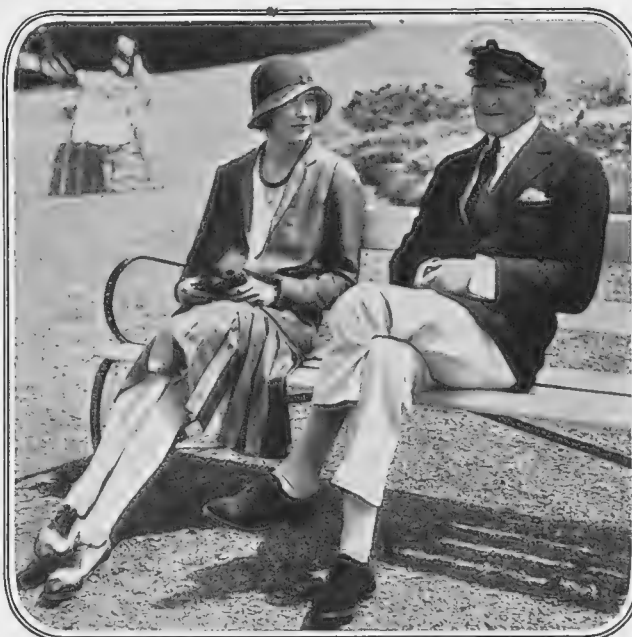
Eight months ago I started my Fur Crusade for the purpose of urging people to demand humane furs, either farmed or artificial, or the skins of English lambs, ponies, or fancy rabbits. I have sent out 60,000 leaflets explaining all about it, but there are still 500,000 more houses that I want to send them to as soon as the funds are forthcoming. Perhaps some of your readers would be willing to help?

Major Van der Byl's address is Wappenham House, Towcester. Whilst I am sure many of the readers of this paper are in full sympathy with Major Van der Byl in his campaign, why should not the R.S.P.C.A., whose funds are provided by the public, come to the rescue? Is it because a tilt against fox-hunting and stag-hunting is more spectacular and gives it a larger publicity? I reported in these notes a disgraceful case of a trapped fox which Sir Richard Cruise sent me. No notice whatever was taken by the R.S.P.C.A., and a photograph which Sir Richard sent me also drew no response. If, as some of us are

inclined to believe, this campaign against blood-sports is actuated more by some other motive than a desire to put down cruelty of the more marked kind inflicted by trapping ground game and vermin, and shooting stags, and as we know that it is no way due to any effort on the part of the R.S.P.C.A. that

the export of horses for butchery trade has had the rule run over it, and is at any rate better supervised, is it not high time that a good many people—and especially hunting people—ceased to support the R.S.P.C.A.? I think it is, and was convinced of it a long time ago, when I found how flaccid the R.S.P.C.A. was over the horse-export business, and the way in which it treated that very gallant lady, Miss A. M. F. Cole. The R.S.P.C.A. have not aided Major Van der Byl financially, and he has run his anti-trapping crusade off his own bat, and they did

(Cont. on p. viii)



MRS. ARTHUR PAGET AND CAPTAIN A. STUART LITTLE

Actively engaged in watching the race for the Wilson Cup, sailed for by the Bembridge Sailing Club, Isle of Wight, more or less recently. Captain Stuart Little is the very popular secretary of the club



AT BEMBRIDGE: MISS D. MACEWAN AND SIR CHARLES CAMPBELL

Also at the Bembridge Sailing Club on the day the Wilson Cup was sailed. Sir Charles Campbell is the 12th baronet, and is in the Life Guards (Reserve)



ALSO AT BEMBRIDGE: LT.-COL. MORRISON-BELL AND CAPTAIN ARTHUR PAGET

Two more well-known members of that popular club for amateur sailors, the Bembridge Sailing Club. Colonel Eustace Morrison-Bell is a brother of Sir Clive Morrison-Bell, Bart.

Edwardians and Neo-Georgians



Compare the top photograph, taken in 1905, with the one on the left taken in 1930. What a difference! It seems hardly possible that twenty five years could have wrought such a change. The trains, the frills, the infinite fussiness of the Edwardian fashions have all been swept away, and to-day we are well on the way to perfect comfort. Only in one respect have we lagged behind. Most of us are still wearing the cramping, deforming shoes of a former era. These shoes do not allow for the straight inner line of the normal foot. They squeeze the toes into unnatural positions and make all walking very tiring. Only in Cantilever Shoes will you find absolute comfort. For Cantilever Shoes conform to the ground plan of your foot. They have a straight inner line which gives plenty of toe room and enables you to walk all day without getting tired. Cantilever Shoes are made for women, children and men. There's a pair that will fit you beautifully.

Cantilever must be fitted by a personal call at a Cantilever Store.

Write for "Miles of Smiles," our free illustrated booklet, explaining the Cantilever principle, and for the name of your nearest Cantilever Store:—

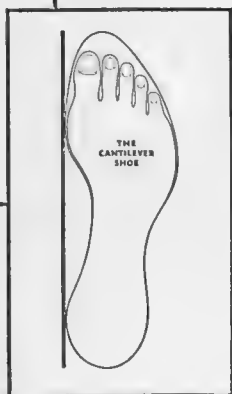
CANTILEVER LTD., NORTHAMPTON.

Cantilever Shoes

for comfortable walking.



This diagram shows the ground plan of the ordinary shoe which forces the big toe out of position to squeeze, pinch and cramp the other toes. Note its unnatural distorting inner line.



This shows how the ground plan of the Cantilever Shoe allows ample toe room, giving thereby, easy, comfortable walking. Note its straight inner line.

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

"So you're an actor, eh?" muttered the man in the corner seat. "Well, I'm a banker. And, would you believe it, I haven't been near a theatre for ten years."

"That's funny," said the actor, "I haven't been near a bank for twenty years!"

* * *

The doctor was going round the hospital wards followed by a crowd of students. "I can always tell a man's occupation by his disease," he said turning to an asthmatic patient.

"Now this man is a musician, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you play a wind instrument?"

"Yes."

"You see, gentlemen, nothing is worse for the lungs than a wind instrument. What is your instrument, my man?"

"Concertina."

* * *

She was having her first driving lesson.

"The hand lever," said her instructor, "brakes the rear wheels only, and the foot-pedal brakes all four. Is that clear?"

"Y—Yes," replied the learner, doubtfully, "but I'd rather not have any of them broken."

* * *

The counsel had just asked a question and the accused did not grasp the meaning. "Counsel means that you should tell the court what happened," said the judge.

"Indeed I won't!" was the indignant reply; "what do you suppose I pleaded 'Not guilty' for?"

* * *

A teacher was delivering a lesson on the elements and asked "What is wind, children?" She received no answer. "Come, surely one of you can tell me what wind is?" she asked again.

"Please, teacher, wind is air in a hurry," replied a small boy.

* * *

The hostess had coaxed a very unwilling guest to sing. After his song was over she went up to him beaming with triumph. "Oh, Mr. Synger," she gushed, "you must never tell me again that you can't sing—I know now!"



MRS. PATRICK MACGILL

Sasha

The wife of the author of that tense war play, "Suspense," who will recite some of her husband's war poems when the play is produced in the United States in the coming autumn

THE burglar was in the dock and the judge was questioning him.

"I see from the report," he said very sternly, "that besides the contents of the old gentleman's purse, which amounted to over fifty pounds, you stole his watch and chain, his silver pencil and his fountain-pen, together with a diamond ring and a pair of gold cuff-links."

"Yes, your worship," replied the prisoner, "I remembered just in time that money alone don't bring happiness."

* * *

A Jew wanted to borrow some money from his brother, but the brother would not lend it at less than 9 per cent. "Vell," said the borrower, sorrowfully, "vot vill our poor dear fadder say ven he looks down and sees his son sqveezing 9 per cent. out of his own flesh and blood?"

"Ah, but from vere fadder is it will look like 6 per cent."

* * *

Little Molly was going on her first visit alone, and her mother was instructing her how to behave.

"If they ask you to dine with them when you arrive," her mother said, "you must reply, 'No thank you; I have already dined.'"

It turned out just as her mother had anticipated. "Come along, Molly," cried her friend's father, "you must have a bite with us."

Molly remembered the warning from home. "No thanks," she replied with dignity, "I have already bitten."

* * *

A lorry-driver was cranking up his engine vigorously, but not very successfully. A girl at the wheel of a large sporting car pulled up beside him, put a match to her cigarette, and offered: "Perhaps it would be better if you cut off your air." The perspiring driver looked up. "Ere, Miss," he said, "an Eton crop may suit your style of beauty, but you can keep your personal remarks to yourself."



MISS HERMIONE DARNBOROUGH

Sasha

Who was dancing in the beautiful production of "Hiawatha" at the Albert Hall by the Royal Choral Society, which ran from June 9 to 21. The performances were all too few for most people's taste. It was wonderfully produced and performed



DEMEYER

LOVE

Love is the secret of the universe. It is like a hidden spring underneath one's life, ever supplying freshness and sparkle to the art of living † Life lies in love, laughter and work † But laughter dies when you look deep into life. Work, without love, is futile and bleak, the winds of emptiness blow across the heart. Love alone justifies life. Love alone completes it † To love is to light a lamp within, which not only warms and comforts you, yourself, but sends out from you a glow which cheers and comforts others † It is better to cast your pearls of love before anyone, anything, than to keep them. You are thoroughly natural, thoroughly alive only when you are filled with love. It opens the doors of your understanding. It is only when one has been burned clean with the fire of love, that knowledge comes † Love alone can make that which is heavy light, can bear evenly that which is uneven † When you walk, the stars are beneath your feet. When you are cold with the fear of life, love wraps you like a cloak. Love is the torch from which all great deeds have been lighted. It is the candle-light beside which dwells content. With love, nothing in life is beyond bearing

There is an old verse, now out of print, which runs . . .

If I should go to Heav'n and find
In all the wide dominion of the air
No trace of thee among the natives there,
I would not bide therein
But I would sin and sin
And seek thee elsewhere

In love alone are all the heights and depths of joy and dreams and friendship

L'Amour d'Elizabeth, the perfume of enchantment, sings in fragrance
that love which poets sing in words, weaving its magic spell

ELIZABETH ARDEN

LONDON 25 OLD BOND STREET

PARIS 2 rue de la Paix

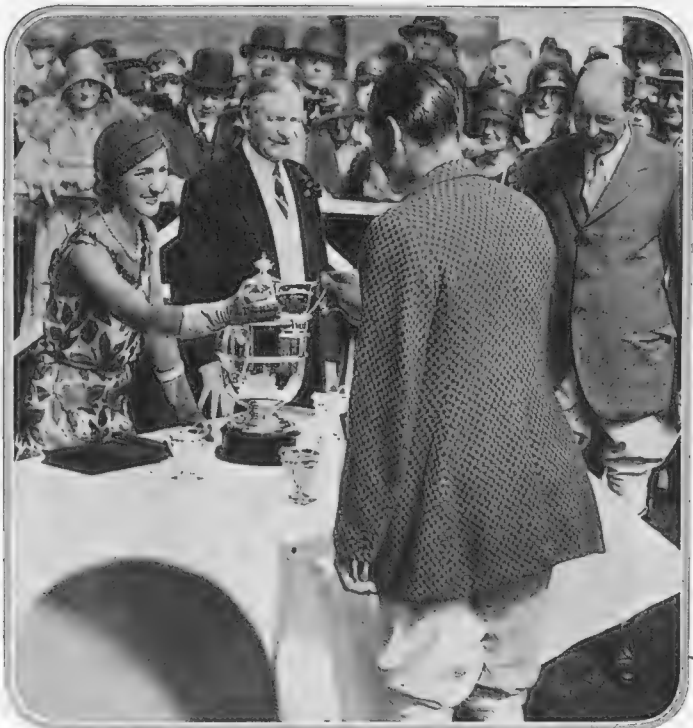
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POLO NOTES

By "Serrefile"



THE DUCHESS OF PEÑARANDA, SIR GEORGE HARDING, AND MR. S. SANFORD

The Duchess of Peñaranda, whose husband is the main-spring of the El Gordo team, but unfortunately is unable to play for it this season owing to a bad fall at polo in Spain, presented the Ranelagh Open Cup to Mr. Sanford, the skipper of The Hurricanes, who beat El Gordo 8 to 4 in the final

THE American International Selection Committee is a far more numerous one than ours, which is practically composed of one man, Captain C. H. Tremayne, who, however, has certain other members of Hurlingham Polo Committee behind him whom he may, but is not bound to, call into consultation if he feels in any kind of doubt or difficulty. In America they have got six people at it picking their team. So far Captain Tremayne has shown such a wise discretion that I think we have every reason to be well satisfied with our dictator. Many of us may think that it is a risk trying to play Mr. L. L. Lacey No. 1, and that in that position he is not comparable to such a well-disciplined and high-class performer as Captain George, but this is a matter which obviously must be left to our supreme authority.

My own personal idea is this, if it is definitely decided to play Mr. Lacey: Captain George (1), Mr. Gerald Balding (2), Captain C. T. I. Roark (3), Mr. L. L. Lacey (back), with Mr. Aidan Roark first reserve for this latter position; or first choice should subsequent events prove that he fits in better behind his brother than does Mr. Lacey. At present the Roark rear-guard does very well. There is, of course, this further point, that the Americans might criticize our playing Mr. Lacey, since in 1928 he went to Meadowbrook to represent South America in that fine Argentine team which, but for the rough time it had, might have taken that North v. South Cup back with it to Buenos Ayres. I think criticism of this sort is to be avoided if possible. If Mr. Lacey is played, his fondness for going off on a foray by himself could not have a better cover than his No. 3. What Captain Roark's private ideas upon this subject are I do not know and I do not consider it fair to inquire, but I have a very shrewd idea. The thing which I think bulks largest is the kind of weight there is going to be in the spear-head of the American team, Mr. Elmer Boeseke (1), and Mr. Winston Guest (2). Both these players are a bit above Mr. Lacey's weight. Mr. Hitchcock and Mr. Hopping, the back end of the American team, will not, on the other hand, have much of a haul over Captain George and Mr. Gerald Balding, both of whom are strong enough and bold enough to take care of themselves in a ride-off.

On the American Selection, or "Defense" Committee as it is called, are, with Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, jun., at the head, Mr. Carleton F. Burke of Los Angeles, Mr. D. Stewart Iglehart of Westbury, Long Island, Mr. George H. Mead of Aiken and Miami, Mr. A. Charles Schwartz of New York, and Mr. John

Hay Whitney of Manhasset, Long Island. It will be noted that Mr. Louis E. Stoddard and Mr. Devereux Milburn are not named, but I hear are standing by in a consultative capacity.

Mr. Carleton F. Burke has done much for California polo; he developed Messrs. Pedley and Boeseke, the latter America's most probable No. 1, and he is, I understand, the Master of the Horse, a post he filled splendidly last season. Mr. Iglehart is a Meadowbrook man, a member of the polo committee, and has a life interest in the game. He is well represented by his two sons, Philip and Stewart. The latter is now at Yale, but was good enough for No. 3 in the Old Aiken team, winners of the Junior Championship, and he and young Rathborne are considered future Internationals. The Old Aiken's performance last autumn certainly warrants this.

Mr. Mead has not played much in New York, but has been prominent in fast work on the Dayton, Ohio, fields and at Aiken. He has done much for Middle West polo, and is honorary treasurer of the United States Polo Association. Mr. Schwartz played polo years ago, and after a lapse came back in 1927, and is a sterling middle goal player, also being well known in England as the owner of the Grand National Steeplechase winner, Jack Horner, in 1926. Mr. Whitney is a nephew of Mr. Harry Payne Whitney and son of the late Mr. Payne Whitney, and the youngest of the committee. He is the owner of the horse which was this year's favourite for the Grand National, Sir Lindsay, who was unlucky not to win. He has a polo ground on his Long Island estate, and organized last season the Greentree team, and aided it to win the Monte Waterbury Memorial Cup.

He played No. 1 for it in this and in the Open, in which it was beaten in the semi-final by Sands Point, the Hitchcock team, which was eventually knocked out in the final by Mr. Sanford's Hurricanes—see my last week's notes for any further details. This American Defense Committee, as will be seen, embraces all the best brains in the game on their side of the Atlantic, and as our friends the enemy are suffering more from an embarrassment of riches in the way of material than from a lack of it, we may take it that we shall have something pretty hot to beat. I think, however, that our own chances are brighter than they have been for many years, and that aided by a bit of luck in the rest of our training here and in America, we may make our gallant opponents go for their lives to keep that cup.

In the deep regret expressed on all hands in polo circles at the death of Captain G. V. Scott-Douglas, as a result of a bad fall he got when playing for the Dolphins on June 11 at Templeton v.

(Cont. on p. xx)



MR. W. F. BOVILL AND MRS. JOHNSON SINCLAIR

A snapshot at Ranelagh on the Open Cup final day. Mr. Bovill later played in a game at Hurlingham between his regiment, the 5th D.G.'s, and the Cavaliers, in which the regimental team was badly beaten 13 to 2



The Young'un : "Hullo ! you've put some life in the wine committee. Here's a really good liqueur brandy at last."

The Old Stager : "Glad to see that at least one of you young men know a good thing when you taste it. This is Martell's Cordon Bleu. Carefully selected from the best that's made and then kept for 35 years in wood."

The Guest : "Its bouquet and flavour certainly show breeding and maturity."

The Old Stager : "That's it ! Age and Quality, you know."

MARTELL'S

CORDON BLEU

PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON.

Speed and Speed.

I EXPECT this world would be an intolerably uninteresting place to live in if everything that humanity did was consistently logical! This point has to be mentioned at the outset of a short essay upon speedometers in order to remove the impression, that might otherwise exist, that I imagine myself to be superior in the exercise of strictly scientific common-sense to my fellow mortals. A man is in no position to deride the follies of others who is so far gone in idiotic self-deception as always to keep the hands of his trusty watch a little ahead of the real time. I have done this, I confess, for years, and I doubt if I shall ever be able to break myself of the habit, which has of course only been fortified by the fact that by the compulsory use of "summer-time" whole nations "kid themselves" to an even more magnificent degree. But if my watch has a constant error of three minutes or so, it is a trustworthy enough machine for registering periods of minutes and seconds, and just lately it has been doing a job of work in checking up mendacious speedometers. My personal belief is that these things are nothing like such liars as they used to be a year or two ago—for one thing cars are genuinely so much faster that they don't need to be—but there are very few samples amongst those I have come across that are really truthful at the higher speeds. When you come to analyze it, the expression "she does so-and-so on the speedometer," which every motorist habitually uses, is highly humorous. If it means anything at all it means that none of us have any faith in these things. Yet I have seen speedometers made, and have noted the care with which they are calibrated; I am, indeed, ready to swear that they are the perfection of accuracy before they leave the factory. Yet it cannot be doubted that as soon as they are fixed in the instrument board of a motor-car many of them go utterly "Ga-Ga"—or is it "Gaggah"?—the correct spelling of this classic word escapes me.

Factor of Safety.

A coroner friend of mine who is, without exception, the most insatiable speed-merchant of my acquaintance, assures me that the flattering speedometer saves hundreds of lives every year. "These people," he says, "think they are doing sixty, which is an unsafe speed for most drivers, when they are really only doing about fifty-two, which is a much safer speed. Therefore the

public get an advantage of eight miles an hour, which is by no means to be despised." Also he said he was sure that thrifty wives when out on week-end jaunts would glance at the dial which was bearing false witness against their hubbies, and tell them that if they drove at this sort of speed they couldn't expect the car to last very long. And I dare say there is something in that. And yet I could wish that there was to be had a super-speedometer, formidably sealed against interference, and carrying a certificate of accuracy equivalent in importance to what "Kew" is to a chronometer. For something of that kind, those who really wanted the truth would not mind paying an extra pound or two. Far be it from me to suggest that motor-car manufacturers are guileful. But once upon a time I bought a car of repute which was some miles an hour slower than I expected it to be. Chance put me in possession of the information that the principal item in the tuning-up process which it went through at the works was an "adjustment" of the speedometer. Now it is a fact that, just for once in a way, that particular "clock" was

slow by quite a lot, so that when it had been doctored it was unimpeachably accurate. Hence I had no cause for complaint. But I could not help feeling that if an apparently sealed-up thing could be put right there might be occasions when, to save a trifle of trouble, it might be put just a shade wrong. Yet who am I to complain? Years ago, when I was more adventurous than I am to-day, I sort of Gordon-Watneyised an ancient 35-h.p. Mercédès chassis. It could hop along quite

all right—I could guarantee an honest seventy—but it was the speedometer which sold that outfit for me—at a substantial profit. Amongst the innumerable gadgets on the dash was a dial of a diameter suitable for the tower of a fair-sized church, and its graven figures went right up to 130 m.p.h. The young blood who had fallen for my advertisement absolutely goggled at this piece of apparatus. A single glance was enough to show that any attempt at bargaining was a waste of time, and that I should get my price without so much as ten bob being taken off for luck. I don't think he ever so much as asked me what the old car would do—I had shown him sixty or so—he was just mesmerized by those mounting and undeniable figures, white on a black background they were, I remember, and they conveyed a suggestion of credibility only comparable to the appearance of an archbishop in the witness-box of the



THE FREE FORESTERS XI

The Free Foresters, who were 114 behind, put on 478 for 5 (dec.) in their second innings v. Cambridge University 364 first-innings score. The names in this group are: Back row—Captain H. P. Miles, S. A. Block, H. R. J. Rhys, H. J. Enthoven, W. H. Webster, and E. P. Longrigg; seated—The Hon. F. S. G. Calthorpe, Major R. T. Stanyforth, M. Falcon (captain), E. L. Kidd, and A. G. Daggart



THE ADAMS SISTERS AFLOAT

A picture from Muizenberg, Capetown, of the three American dancers, who before going to South Africa were on tour with Mr. George Robey's company in Manchester

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EVE at GOLF : By ELEANOR E. HELME



The new Scottish Champion: Mrs. Andrew Holm (in beret) with Mrs. T. W. L. Brown (left), Mrs. W. Greenlees, Miss Jean McCulloch, and a suggestion of Miss W. Morrison. Mrs. Holm beat Miss D. Park 1 up in the final

have had privately published. It is the sort of book with which you can sit down by the hour, fascinated by sheer facts. But it does not tell you whether the winners and runners-up in each of the various championships kept pretty well down to par figures for all their rounds, or whether they really won because their opponents played bad golf. And the par figures were what Mrs. Andrew Holm and Miss Doris Park, in company with many a gallant loser such as Mrs. Watson and Miss Hilda Cameron, kept to all through that brilliant sunny week. Mrs. Holm's may be a name unfamiliar to English golfers, but anybody who has watched Scottish golf, particularly in the West, has known her since 1926 as one of the most promising of all the young Scottish school, with a long, free swing which is now well controlled, and delightful touch round the hole. There were some rounds when her approach putting was so perfect



Five friends at Turnberry: Left to right—Miss Hilda Cameron, Mrs. Duncan, Wog, Dick, and Mrs. Dunlop Hill watching the final

twice, should meet so early on. Miss Cameron was round in 81, and par is 80. But she lost. That just shows the standard of play. The next day Mrs. Holm had a busy time beating the Girl Champion, Miss Nan Baird, 3 and 1, and Miss J. Mitchell by 4 and 2, Miss Park an easy morning time, winning 6 and 5 from Mrs. Leonard Martin, an ex-runner-up of the Scottish, and a hard afternoon one beating Miss Kathleen Macdonald, the Formby semi-finalist, on the last green. The other chief events of the day were Miss Jean McCulloch's smashing win from Mrs. Walter Greenlees, and her own defeat at the 19th by Miss Vyvian Lamb, another young Scottish player of promise. Then there was Miss M. E. Percy, another young one, beating Mrs. George Coats, and honourable burial for the veteran champion, Mrs. Walter Neilson, at the hands of Mrs. Watson, who by then was playing wonderful golf.

On the next morning Mrs. Holm put out Miss Mona McLeod, the ex-Australian and Victorian champion, Miss Park meanwhile going to the 22nd before some really fine figures could beat Miss Purvis Russell Montgomery. Mrs. Watson was just showing that she must not be ignored by beating Miss W. Morrison 9 and 8. Then in the afternoon semi-finals Miss Park beat Mrs. Watson at the 19th although the latter was round in 78, which is two under par, and Mrs. Holm beat Miss Lamb 6 and 5.



A happy snapshot of Mrs. Hugh Percy who took the ultimate Champion to the 20th before being beaten in the 1st round of the Scottish



Truman Howell

Competitors in the Monmouthshire Open Meeting at Newport. In front: Mrs. G. Evans, Mrs. Evans, Miss Rachel Lewis, Mrs. G. Jones, and Miss Bevan. Centre row: Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Audley Evans, Miss Littlehales (Monmouthshire County Captain), Mrs. de B. Marsh (County Secretary), Miss Newman, Mrs. Biddle (Newport Club Captain), Miss N. Williams, and Miss H. Reynolds. At back: Mrs. Groves, Mrs. Crutchley, Mrs. Gamson, Mrs. H. H. Watkins, Mrs. B. Edwards, Mrs. G. Bell, Mrs. Metcalfe, Miss B. Pyman (Glamorganshire Champion), Miss Lewis, Mrs. W. Phillips (Monmouthshire Champion), Miss B. Jones, and Mrs. Grainger

(Continued on p. xxvi)

*You will want to be Beautiful to-night
Let Frances Hemming help you*



Every time you are going out to a party or a dance you feel a thrill of pleasurable anticipation. It is a minor adventure. You do not know how that particular evening is going to affect your life. You may meet other women whom you will envy for the beauty of their skin or just the kind of men you admire. You will want to feel your very best, to realise your own potential beauty and know that you are liked for your personality and your appearance. There is no reason why your skin—like your hair and your dress—should not be flawless.

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"I left my watch on my dressing-table this morning"

TIMELY JUDGMENT

By M. N. Thomas

HE was known as the hardest judge on the bench. No criminal could ever hope to escape if he were trying him; even the guiltless trembled when they heard his dry, decisive voice. When cases were being tried he leant back in his chair, his eyes closed, his head fallen forward as though asleep, but he was not sleeping, this man with the yellow, lined face and bitter, dissatisfied mouth. As journalists develop a "news nose," so he had acquired a legal soul. It was said he had an eighth sense, the sense of knowing instinctively who was guilty and who innocent. His practised, controlled, nicely balanced mind was like a file which fed on affidavits and briefs. He was as impassive as a Chinese god, as immovable and momentous as advancing fate. His voice was rasping, the voice of one who has either spoken too much or too little, and his speech was acrid. He was withering to evasive witnesses, curt with counsel, and final with juries. He stood no quibbling, liked everything cut and dried, and had never been known to make a mistake or be misled. He did not permit laughter in the court unless he provoked it, and his humour was of the stinging, sarcastic type which brought him more enemies than friends. "A man never knows how badly he has been injured until he has seen his solicitor," was one of his widely circulated, trenchant remarks on which the daily press fed its readers.

He had spent so much of his life in the crowded court-room that he seemed to have become part of it; if it suddenly disappeared from the face of the earth his personality too would vanish. This thought disturbed him as he sat there that spring morning, and he wondered if it were a good thing to confine and limit one's life as much as he had done. He had lived for law, and it was not comforting to think that law would still go on living much the same after he were gone. He felt as dry-as-dust and out-of-date as an old ledger which has long outlived the clerk who penned on its yellowing pages his cramped cipher and spidery, elegant figures.

He told himself it was the spring that was giving him those disconcerting thoughts—the spring that symbolized restless, craving youth, whose radiant sunshine entered the court windows in wistful shafts where dust motes flickered.

It seemed to be upsetting more than he, for everyone appeared to be too hot and on edge that morning. Even the avid reporters seemed listless, and the spectacular Craddock sounded frankly cross.

One part of Judge Aubrey's mind was absorbing, as ink is absorbed by blotting-paper, what Frank Craddock was saying and the other part was thinking what damned poor counsel there were nowadays. They had not the swift, analytical, piercing minds they had had in his young days; they did not appeal to the jury's intelligence and intellect; they tried figuratively to sweep them off their feet with theatrical rhetoric; they appealed to their emotions. And Craddock was worse than any of the others, with his crocodile-tear tactics.

He seemed to be getting very little purchase out of the witness who was answering his impatient questions. Indeed Judge Aubrey had the impression that if no one were present Craddock would have boxed the witness's ears, and the witness looked as if the kindest box on the ears would collapse him like a concertina. He was a mere waif of a man dressed in shabby but respectable, well-brushed clothes that were too large for him. His face was pathetic, his arms hung limply at his sides, and his thin nose was blue as a candle-flame. He was very

(Continued on p. xvi)

Johnnie Walker:

'I am proud to congratulate
a new champion'

Player:

'And I an old one'



WIMBLEDON

The All-England Lawn Tennis Club is the venue of the Annual Grass Court Championships open to the amateurs of all nations. The centre court is the battleground for the 'Blue Riband' of lawn tennis.

Born 1820 —Still going Strong

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



A happy study in contrasts are these models from the Maison Arthur, 17, Dover Street. There is the shady hat composed of layers of stitched tulle ornamented with quills; the black felt hat on the right has the brim composed of tulle and decorated with narrow lace frills, while the becoming cap is of plaited chenille

The Fascination of the Large Hat.

NOWHERE is the large hat seen to greater advantage than at Goodwood. The Maison Arthur, 17, Dover Street, W., appreciating the fact, are showing some altogether charming interpretations of the same, two of which find pictorial expression on this page. The *chef d'œuvre* in centre above is composed of layers of pale blue and grey tulle stitched with blue and silver to harmonize with the quills which encircle the crown; the other large model is carried out in black felt, the brim outlined with net decorated with narrow frills of lace. There are many other veritable triumphs of the milliner's art in these salons; although they have wide brims they do not interfere with high collars of fur, the decorative value of which all women appreciate. Much to be desired is the becoming cap expressed in plaited chenille; it is an artistic study in beige and orange shades; as will be readily understood it can be arranged in a variety of ways to suit the wearer.

Lovely Court Gowns.

The name of Russell and Allen, Old Bond Street, W., is ever associated with the loveliest Court gowns, and those that they are preparing for the forthcoming Court are no exception to the rule. Although privileged to see them I have been asked not to describe them as their clients do not like their dresses discussed before the event. Discriminating women have come to the conclusion that it is the reverse

of extravagance to shop at this establishment, as the fashions are delightful, and I was surprised at the cost of the dresses and their accessories that have been

created for a sojourn away from our own metropolis. Simple and effective is the little suit pictured; it is made of a black stockinette which is endowed with a rep rib. The shirt is worthy of study; it will be noticed that box-pleats and insertions have been taxed to give a slender effect. The sleeveless bolero is finished at the side with silver rings, while the blouse is expressed in black, red, and white crêpe de chine.

Take Thought for Bathing Attire.

And this season Russell and Allen are specializing in bathing attire, their woollen sweaters, which are tailored, being on a plane apart. Illustrated on this page is a swimmer, and it will be seen that there is a sunray arrangement of pleats which is very becoming to the woman who is not as slight as she would wish; there is a similar arrangement at the back; to accompany this is a pleated stockinette skirt with clever yoke. When lunching or wandering far away from the sea there are the pyjamas



Here is a stockinette tailored bathing suit from Russell and Allen. The sunray pleating is a becoming and novel idea

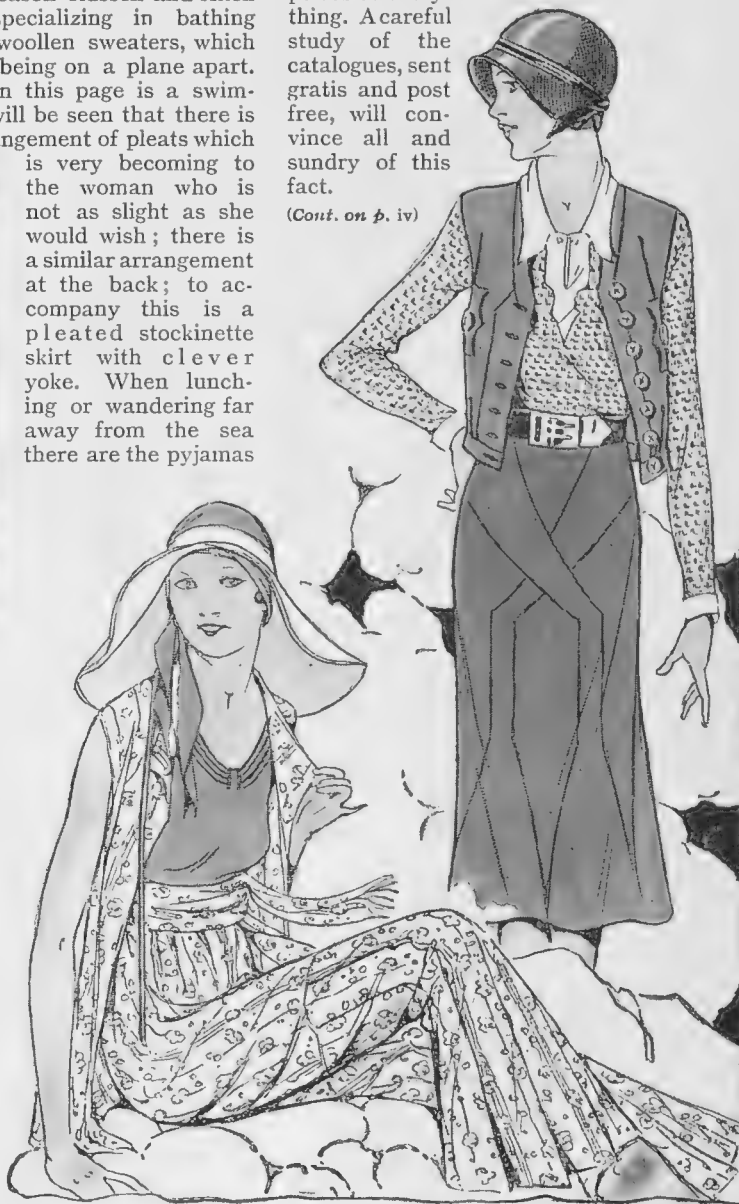
carried out in printed shantung, with very wide trousers and the newest version of the cummerbund. Some of the coats are cut on redingote lines and are endowed with a waist-line and sash in front. By the way, no one must overlook the fact that this firm have opened a children's department, where the prettiest things imaginable are to be seen; there are shantung tailored coats,

there are white organdie frocks mounted on coloured crêpe de chine slips to say nothing of the woolly suits and frocks. And a new perfume has made its debut; it is known by the name of Mirage de Russell and Allen; it is very refreshing.

The Summer Sales.

Now that Ascot is over, the thoughts of all and sundry are concentrated on the summer sales, as all women, and for the matter of that men, love a bargain. Some of these important events began last Monday, and the great majority are following. Among the notable exceptions are Debenham and Freebody's, which is for a fortnight only, and Harrods for one week, which begin on July 7. The depressing weather of the past few weeks is responsible for the altogether unprecedented reductions in the prices of everything. A careful study of the catalogues, sent gratis and post free, will convince all and sundry of this fact.

(Cont. on p. iv)



Printed shantung has been used by Russell and Allen, Old Bond Street, for these beach pyjamas with wide trousers; the cap is of stockinette and the crownless hat is of Java straw. The stockinette bolero suit is decorated with silver buttons, the blouse being of printed crêpe de chine



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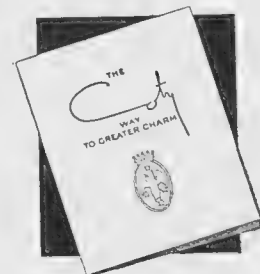
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C.F.H.68

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Gilt-edge investments are few and far between, nevertheless they are to be acquired in the salons of that notable furrier, Percy Vickery, 235, Regent Street, W. A sale is in progress and continues throughout July. Among the attractions is the summer ermine coat on the left; it is pleasantly priced at 105 guineas. The handsome collar is of white fox dyed to tone; the chef d'œuvre below is of grey American broad-tail, with collar of dyed white fox. A few days ago it was 79 guineas, now it is 29 guineas. An original moleskin Max coat trimmed with flying fox is the same price, although the season's price was 125 guineas. There are models by Henri Vergne and other Parisian furriers. In striking contrast to these elaborate affairs are the two-skin Kolinski ties for 4 guineas. Wonderful value is present in the groups of furs; in the 15-guinea, the prices were from 25 to 29; in the 29-guinea, from 49 to 79; in the 39-guinea, from 79 to 89. All furs will be stored free of charge until the autumn



EXQUISITE furs

BLAKE

Pictures by Blake

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'



**You were not born heavy-eyed,
pasty-faced, tired and unhealthy.
You have let unsuspected
constipation bring you to
what you are**



The trouble with constipation is that nine people out of ten think that it does not exist until it becomes a serious and noticeable complaint in itself. And then they proceed to shock their systems into temporary obedience with some crude and violent purgative. While long before, their tired eyes, pasty skins, and weary bodies could have told them that their foodways

were dangerously clogged and poisoned. Take Eno's "Fruit Salt" every morning and avoid constipation and its disastrous 'antidotes.' The purpose of Eno is not so much to 'cure' constipation, as to see that your foodways never become congested. Its action is entirely safe, harmless, natural and sufficient. To risk taking any drastic substitute is to risk your health.

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Specially Reduced Prices.

It is not until Monday next that Jay's (Regent Street, W.) sale begins; a fact that cannot be too widely disseminated is that the dressmaking charges have been specially reduced. In the ready-to-wear department there are dance-dinner frocks from 4½ guineas, and there are coat-frocks in fine shepherd's plaid for the same price; illustrations of these appear in the catalogue sent gratis and post free. A visit must be paid to the sports-wear department on the ground floor as fine wool stockinette dresses appliquéd with crêpe de chine are 3½ guineas. It seems almost unnecessary to add that the great majority of Parisian models have had their prices reduced to half and in many instances more.

A Red-letter Day.

To-day is a red-letter day in the month of June, as Marshall and Snelgrove's (Oxford Street, W.) sale commences; the catalogue is ready and will gladly be sent gratis and post free. Included in it are £50,000 worth of rich French silks, a proportion of which will be marked at less than half-price. Blouse-cases made of blue and brown lizard-grained shoe material are 18s. 9d., while cabin trunks guaranteed to stand hard wear are 57s. 6d. The prices of the princess petticoats in broché crêpe de chine are 20s. instead of 29s. 6d. In the popularly-priced department on the first floor there are cotton voile dresses from 35s. 6d. No one must leave this establishment without visiting the tea-gown departments, as shantung dresses with detachable capes are 69s. 6d.

A Sale of Linens.

Coulson and Sons (105, New Bond Street, W.) have chosen June 30 for the opening day of their sale; it will afford the good housekeeper an excellent opportunity for replenishing her linen cupboard for an exceedingly moderate outlay. There are pure Irish linen huckaback face-towels with damask borders for 45s. per dozen instead of 63s. Small size bath-towels with coloured chenille borders are 3s. 9d. each. Irish linen coloured handkerchiefs with hand-rolled hems are 8s. 6d. per

dozen; and pure white Irish cambric linen handkerchiefs are 5s. 9d. per dozen. The uncrushable bedspreads, single-bed size, are now 38s. 6d. instead of 50s. It must likewise be mentioned that there are a limited number of summer frocks in a variety of materials for £4 4s.

"Never Mind the Weather."

Sports enthusiasts who wear raiment sponsored by the Dela Company are in the happy position of never minding the

car wraps well over the knees. It must be mentioned that this firm is making a feature of hats to match their coats and suits.

Genuine Bargains.

A great opportunity for practising true economy is offered by Harvey Nichols' (Knightsbridge) sale; it is in progress and continues throughout July. Standing out with prominence amongst the constellations of bargains are the crêpe de chine afternoon dresses; a few days

ago they were 12½ guineas, now they are 6½ guineas. There are a limited number of coat-frocks carried out in soft tweed, finished with a belt and a scarf, for 5½ guineas. Ensembles in tweed jersey of feather-weight texture are 69s. 6d. A few words must be said about the blouses, as those of satin with finely tucked side frill are 29s. 6d., and then there are wool jumpers for 15s. 6d. and cardigan coats from 10s. 6d.

A Sale of Linens.

Walpole's (89, New Bond Street, Kensington High Street, and Sloane Street) sale is in progress; an idea of the drastic reductions that have been made in the prices of everything may be gleaned from the illustrated catalogue which will gladly be sent gratis and post free. Among the many exceptional offers are the 2,500 yards of heavy quality pure linen huckaback toweling, fully bleached, 24 in. wide, for 1s. 5½d. per yard. Pure Irish linen double damask table cloths and

napkins have had their prices submitted to 33½ per cent. reductions.

A Record-breaking Sale.

There is really no adjective that describes Dickens and Jones' (Regent Street, W.) sale as well as "record-breaking"; it begins on Monday next, Fridays being remnant days. Included in it are a limited number of tailored coats for 63s.; the usual prices were from 78s. 6d. to 5½ guineas. Evening wraps in chiffon-velvet tinsel brocades, many trimmed with fur, are 89s. 6d. It will be an early visitor to this sale who secures one of the 25s. tweed dresses, as there are only a few.



Picture by Blake

Here is a Dela suit and coat for sports and country wear in which the wearers may defy the weather. The former has a Prinsuède coat and a Delatex weatherproof tweed skirt, while the latter is of Delacrome leather

weather as everything has been submitted to a proofed process on which the inclemencies of the weather have no deleterious effect. Their specialities are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Dela, 55, Great Marlborough Street, W., who will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent. Illustrated on this page is a Prinsuède suit; the coat is of Prinsuède and the skirt of Delatex weatherproof tweed; there are many variations on this theme. The other illustration shows a Delacrome leather coat; a strong point in its favour is that the cut is *sans reproche*, and when seated in the

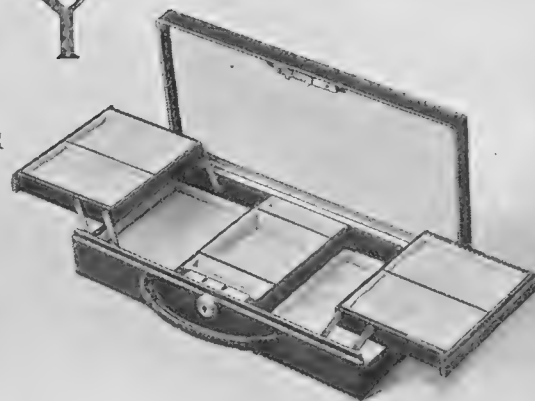
ASPREY

Bond St London

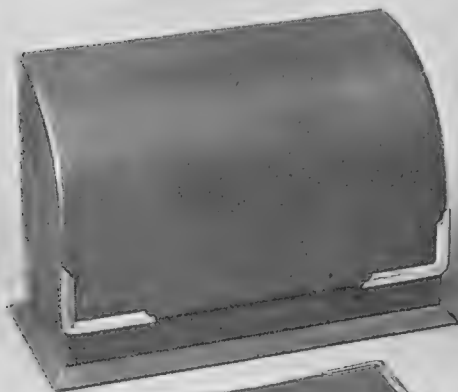
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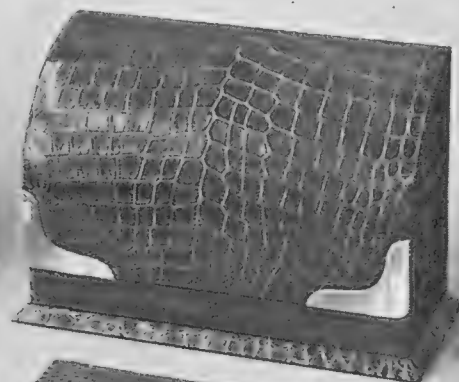
Poker Chip Box, with 300 Chips.
Pigskin ... 6.17.6
Crocodile ... 9.7.6



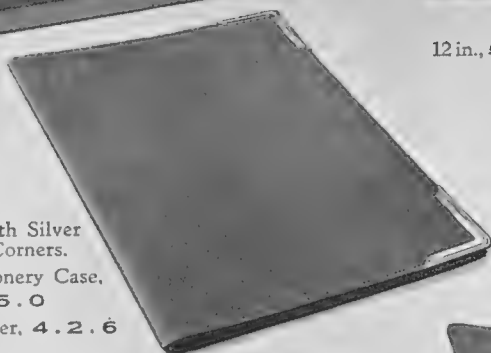
Crushed Morocco Jewel Case, in dainty shades.
7 in., 4.10.0 8 in., 4.15.0
9 in., 5.2.6



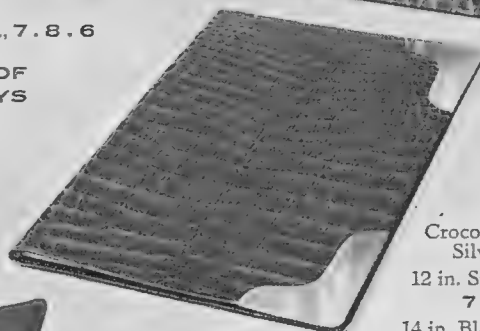
Pigskin Fitted Attaché Case.
12 in., 5.16.6 14 in., 6.15.0 16 in., 7.8.6



Crocodile, with Plain Silver Corners.
12 in. Stationery Case, 7.10.0
14 in. Blotter, 6.0.0



Pigskin, with Silver Reeded Corners.
12 in. Stationery Case, 4.15.0
14 in. Blotter, 4.2.6



A LARGE SELECTION OF
WRITING SETS ALWAYS
IN STOCK.



Lady's Race Companion, with Silver-gilt Mounts. Very completely fitted.
Crocodile ... 9.10.0
Seal or Pigskin ... 7.12.6



Rug and Cushion in Calf Leather Case, with Zip opening. Size of case, 20 x 15 in.
Cashmere Rug and Silk Cushion.
6.5.0
In various colours.



GRAFTON BRIDGE BOX.
In dainty shades
of Crushed Calf ... 3.5.0
Pigskin ... 3.5.0

ASPREY'S STOCK FINE LEATHER
GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

A "TATLER" FASHION

An Original Design by Gordon Conway



This evening dress is carried out in two shades of midnight-blue chiffon. The circular flounces are mounted on a band of plain blue chiffon. A crystal necklace and bracelets complete the scheme

Wash your face

with LUXURIA

every morning

and evening.

It cleanses

and nourishes

and whitens

your skin!



The caressing coolness of Luxuria melts deep into the pores of the skin at a touch of your finger. Loosening tiny buried grains of dust and grime that do more to spoil the clear whiteness of your skin than all the honest surface dirt. Yet Luxuria does more than cleanse. In its melting softness there are wonderful ingredients that feed the tissues—precious oils that keep the skin soft and fresh and youthful. Luxuria can be obtained at all good Department Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers from 2/3 to 11/9.

Write to Selson-Dodge Ltd 150 Regent Street, London W1 for our attractive free Booklet called "All for Beauty" which tells you about the wonderful Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations.

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NEW YORK

HUBBARD
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PARIS

Pictures in the Fire—continued

nothing of any use where the horse-trade affair was concerned. Mr. S. A. Seaward's is the first of a very bulky pile of letters I propose to quote. He writes:

I remember some years ago you worked and wrote on the question of the export of old horses, and eventually you said you dropped the matter owing to the apathy of the R.S.P.C.A. Now that Geoffrey Gilbey is stirring the public conscience, can you not take the matter up again? I have worked on the R.S.P.C.A. and the cause of animals all my life, and it seems possible that now public opinion may be sufficiently raised to force the Government of the day to pass the Bill. No doubt you have seen Sir Robert Gower's manifesto in "The Express." I have pointed out to him that too much emphasis is laid on the words "British horses." It is well known that many of the exported horses are not killed on arrival but sold for work, and after being thoroughly worked out, find their way to the nearest abattoir, where there are no humane killers. It is not enough for the Society and the Board of Agriculture to satisfy themselves that the horses in the well-known abattoirs are destroyed by humane killers. The fate of the horses sold for work must be traced, and in my humble opinion their fate alone justifies the passing of the Bill.

Mr. Reginald le Bas, in a letter to "Horse and Hound," is a witness I think it is very interesting to quote apropos Major Van der Byl's campaign:

The Devon and Somerset country, in which I have lived for a good many years, is intersected by roads and comparatively thickly populated, so that if deer are to be shot a shot-gun, not a rifle, must be used. Red deer can only be killed with a shot-gun at very short range, probably not more than 12 to 15 yards; even then not with certainty, and many would get away wounded. After shooting had been generally practised for a few weeks it would be impossible to get within killing distance.

In my experience, though comparatively few deer have been shot at, I have known a number of deer wounded by shot-guns. During the last two

years or so the following cases of wounded deer hunted and put out of their pain have occurred. Two deer with large suppurating wounds, full of maggots, in their sides; one with a hind-leg blown off; one only a few weeks ago with both eyes destroyed and its head full of shot. A deer has also been found on the moor with a similar suppurating wound which had died a lingering death. This list is by no means exhaustive.

A deer hunted by hounds and killed with the knife never escapes to linger wounded and in pain.

Mr. J. C. Darling, also writing to "Horse and Hound," cites these cases:

Mr. Lovat Fraser, who is introducing the Bill, mentions that a deer was bayed for twenty-five minutes. Last week the New Forest Deerhounds found a deer that had been wounded with a rifle-bullet. In a few minutes he was despatched, but this poor beast had been dragging about with a broken hind-leg not for twenty-five minutes only, but probably, from the state of the wound, for about five weeks. I can also quote the case of a deer found and quickly despatched by hounds who had been in a snare. This wretched beast had actually had one foot torn completely off before escaping from the snare.

If hunting were abolished the number of deer would be kept down by shooting and snaring, and I think these two instances alone suffice to give some idea of the cruelty and suffering that would ensue, particularly when there were no longer any hounds available to find the wounded deer and enable them to be killed.

The degrees of cruelty between shooting and snaring and hunting are not comparable. Things have happened, as we all know, where stag-hunting is concerned, which ought not to have happened, and would not happen out fox-hunting, and there has been warrant for an outcry; but as measures are now, I understand, adopted which preclude their repetition, I do not see that a Bill stopping stag-hunting is going to do any good. I do not go with staghounds myself and I should not approve of many methods which have been adopted in the past. I do not approve of digging a good fox, and think that that should be reserved for the convicted roost-robber and wholesale slaughterer.



Victor Bryant

SHREWSBURY SCHOOL O.T.C. INSPECTION

Canon Sawyer and Major-General C. Bonham-Carter at the march past of the Shrewsbury School O.T.C., which Major-General Bonham-Carter inspected. The O.T.C. is commanded by Major J. M. West

Why they come to Scotland!




A. & A. CRAWFORD — LEITH, SCOTLAND.
 London Office:— 24-26, Monument Street, E.C.3.



WILLS'S
'GOLD FLAKE'
SATISFY.

The value is in the Cigarettes

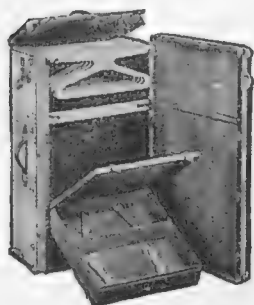


Leave it to your Oshkosh this week-end

"BORN for the job" you say affectionately as you stow your handy Oshkosh taxi wardrobe trunk in the car or train, and when you arrive you murmur—"And no unpacking to do!" And later—"Why begin dressing for dinner yet, when Oshkosh has my clothes pressed and on hangers all ready to my hand?" Then you snooze down into a deep armchair and just laze—it's very wrong, but it's very lovely; ask any Oshkoshite—him or her!

Sold at Harrods, Selfridges, Aquasol, The Revelation Suit Case Company, John Pound, Moss Bros. of Covent Garden, Austin Reed of Regent Street, and other well-known West End shops. Gleghorn's in Edinburgh. Forsyth's in Glasgow. If you have any difficulty in obtaining Oshkosh Trunks, write to Oshkosh, Kingsway House, Kingsway, London. Telephone: Holborn 7082 (interesting booklet sent on request).

OSHKOSH TRUNKS



Another type of the "Taxi" trunk shown above. This one is entirely devoted to hangers, with a detachable box for linen. A light and most useful piece of luggage that holds enough for a fortnight. In these sizes: 36" x 20" x 12"; 33" x 20" x 10"; and 29" x 20" x 9"

Stuarts

Belgium as a Tourists' Resort

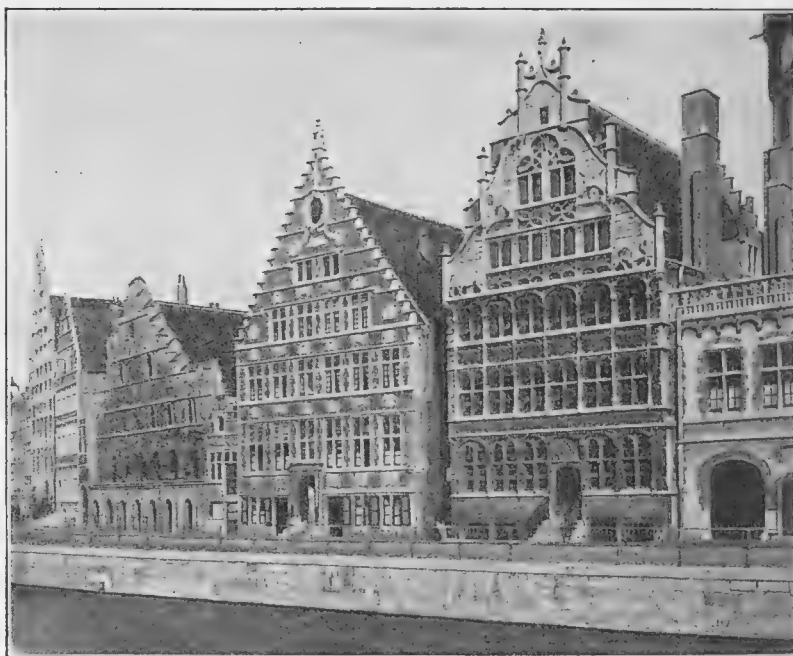
Belgium has deservedly become one of the most popular touring centres of Europe, and the reasons for this are not far to seek. In the first place, the small area of the country and the great variety of its scenery prevent any holiday spent there becoming monotonous; next, its network of railway lines is the densest in the world, therefore it makes travel from one point of the country to another in a comparatively short time and with a minimum of trouble very easy. Touring the country is greatly helped by the issue of five or fifteen days' railway passes enabling



THE PALAIS DES COMTES—GAND

the sightseer to travel anywhere, at any time, and by any route, without any limit on the mileage he covers. Hotel accommodation is generally good, and the cooking up to the highest standard even in the smallest places. Again the country is so small and densely populated that it is a practical impossibility to be stranded "miles from anywhere."

Amongst the many amenities are sun and sea bathing at any of the numerous places on the long line of coast, with beautiful sands, dotted with resorts ranging from large towns like Ostend to small places like Breedene. Further inland and in the flat country there are towns rich in historical buildings such as Bruges, Courtrai, Gand, Audenaerde. Then comes the capital, Brussels; a little farther, Louvain and Malines; past Brussels the country becomes more hilly and leads to the Ardennes

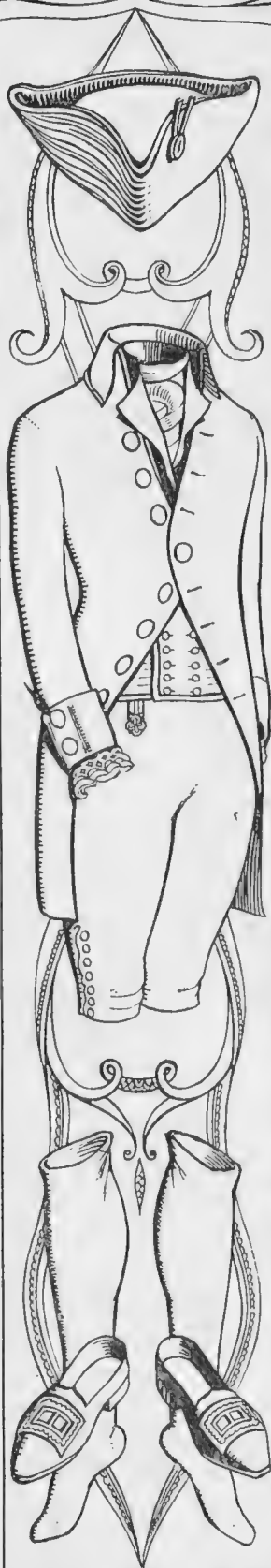


MAISONS DES GUILDES—GAND

—a part of Belgium little known, but which would richly reward the lover of scenery. Rambles along the banks of the Meuse or its smaller tributaries, the Semois, or the Lesse, will disclose un hoped-for vistas. There are again the towns of Namur, Liège, Dinant, and numerous smaller agglomerations which will supply the visitors with all the comforts they may wish.

At the present time the celebrations of the centenary of the Independence of Belgium are in full swing. Numerous pageants will take place which are well worth seeing, as they disclose quaint customs proper to the various regions in which they take place. Two large exhibitions are being held, one in Antwerp, one in Liège, and tickets covering the whole journey to the exhibition town and an entrance season ticket can be purchased at a reasonable figure for periods of five or fifteen days.

ESTABLISHED
1785



Gieves

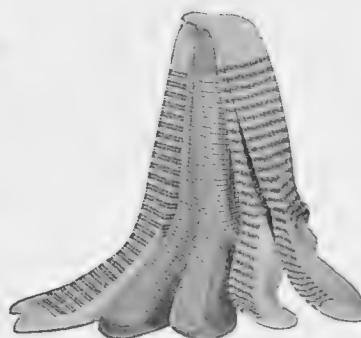
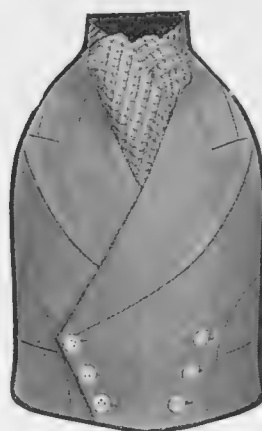


By Appointment.

Gieves
LIMITED



By Appointment.



1930

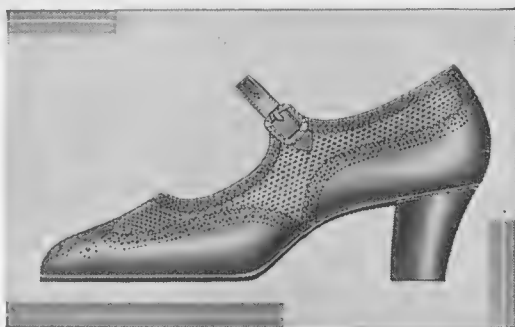
MEN'S OUTFITTERS

Portsmouth
Southampton
Edinburgh
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TAILORS .. HATTERS .. HOSIERS

21 Old Bond Street,
31 Burlington Arcade,
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Plymouth
Weymouth
Southsea
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Malta



"Auteuil"



"Antibes"



"Bayonne"

"AUTEUIL"—Brown willow calf strap shoe with insets of brown lizard - - - 58/6

"ANTIBES"—Brown willow and white suede strap shoe. Also in brown and beige - 50/-

"BAYONNE"—Brown willow calf and white suede court shoe. Also in black and white 45/-

"ST. MALO"—Brown willow calf and white suede court shoe - 35/-



"St. Malo"

THE LONDON SHOE COMPANY Ltd.,

116 & 117 New Bond Street, W.1. 21 & 22 Sloane Street, W.1. 260-264 Regent Street, W.1.

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

Meetings of the Executive and Show Committees were held on June 13. Lady Kathleen Pilkington and Lady Howe, the respective chairmen, presiding.



LOCHBUIE ARGENT
The property of Mrs. Dixon

The Skye terrier was at one time a most fashionable dog. This was greatly owing to the example of Queen Victoria, who extended her affection for Scotland to its dogs, and always had a Skye terrier and a collie as companions. But the Skye terrier of those days was very much smaller than those of the present day. In a volume of "The Field" for 1868, which is full of interest, the Skye terriers advertised therein are described as "under 7 lb.," indeed a change from the dogs of to-day, which err on the side of being too large. At one time the Skye was a victim to a craze for enormously long coats; this craze, which involves keeping its victims in an unnatural condition, always has a bad effect on the popularity of a breed. Now saner counsels prevail. The Skye naturally carries a profuse coat, which only requires regular brushing and keeping free from tangles to grow quite long enough. The result is seen in the increasing demand for Skyes, especially from abroad. At the recent Paris Show Baroness Burton placed what she calls "a magnificent Skye" at the head of all the Scottish breeds of terriers. Miss Watson has done more than most people to bring about this desired end, and it is interesting to see the excellent photograph of three of her famous dogs.



SKYE TERRIERS
The property of Miss Watson

There is no doubt that both Skye and Cairn come "from the dim shieling on the misty island," and most Cairn breeders have bred at some time or other a very long-haired puppy, that didn't need much encouragement except size to grow into a Skye terrier. The said shieling was probably shared by Scottie and West Highlander too. Landseer's pictures of "Highland Interiors" give the dog of his day a small, rather nondescript, Cairn; on the other hand Islay, belonging to Queen Victoria, was a true drop-eared Skye. In the volume of "The Field" to which allusion has already been made there are classes given at Darlington Show for "Rough or Scottish terriers" divided by weight, "exceeding 9 lb." and "not exceeding 9 lb.," and then we are told Cairns are getting smaller! The veteran Lochbuie Argent, whose photograph we give, is a lovely dog of the true old type, now so rare. He was thirteen years old last May—but is as active and lively as a kitten, and won in a large class of veterans at the Cairn Terrier Club Show this year.

Mrs. Sugden has been very unwell ever since the railway accident at Eastbourne; she suffers from a bruised spine and other bruises, and also from shock, and has to take things quietly for some time. Under these circumstances she has decided to part with some of her French bulldogs, and sends a photograph of Denys of Silpho. Denys is a very good-looking dog and has won. She has also a good brood-bitch (proved breeder) for sale.



DENYS OF SILPHO
The property of Mrs. Sugden

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



REVELATIONS EVERYWHERE!

We are becoming 'travel-conscious.' Holidays mean long journeys by land, sea and air. Bulky, inconvenient luggage has given way to smart suitcases of accommodating size and . . . adaptability.

The Revelation is the magic case of travel. It is packed swiftly . . . takes in just as much or as little as you require and so, unhesitatingly, is chosen for a surprise weekend or an anticipated month abroad.

Everywhere you see Revelations. Revelation Attache-Cases, expanding to week-end cases, from 30/-. Smaller sizes from 25/-. Suitcases in fibre from 19/6, Leather from 69/6. Revelex, deep blue, with rib-stripes and bright nickel fittings, from 70/-. The new unscratchable, parchment-beige "Rev" Hide from 100/-. Motorists should see the new Revelation Picnic-case, "Harlequin" Model. When buying your Revelation take care the name is on the case.

AT ALL STORES AND TRAVEL GOODS SHOPS
"REVELATION," 170, PICCADILLY, W.1.



Hullo Everybody! . . . We have arranged for a real joy spot in your week-end wireless. At ten o'clock each Sunday evening that world-famous star of syncopation, Hal Kemp, of the Café de Paris, and his Carolinans, will broadcast to you from Radio Paris (1725M) the third series of Revelation programmes.

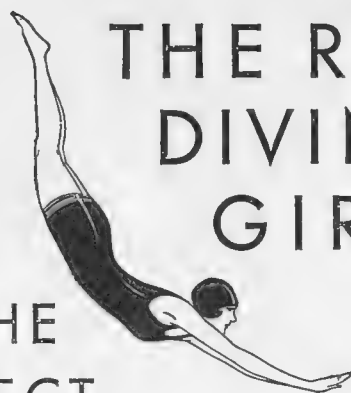
REVELATION

THE SUITCASE THAT ADJUSTS ITSELF



THE RED DIVING GIRL

MARKS THE
PERFECT
FITTING JANTZEN

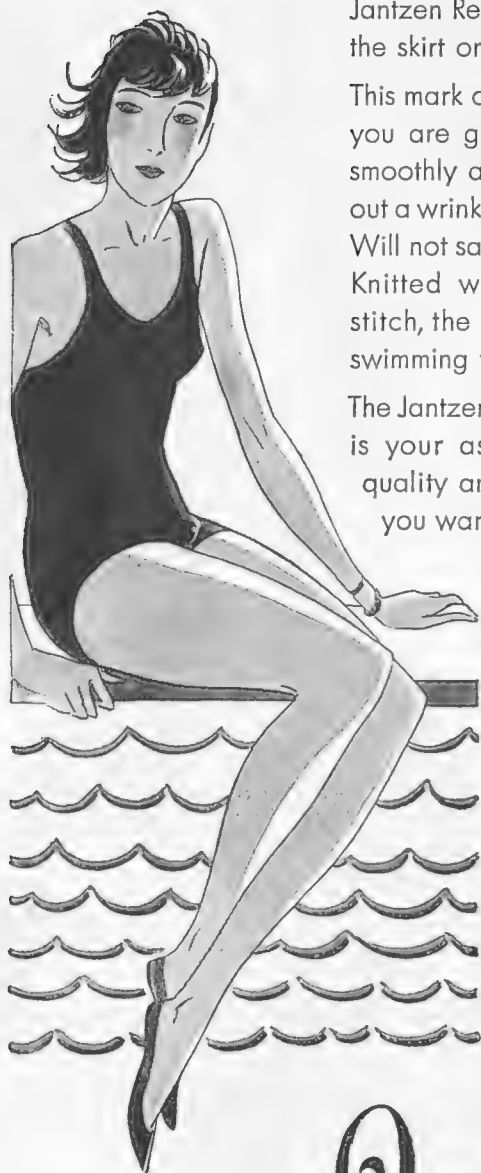


When you choose your swimming suit, BE SURE it has the Jantzen Red Diving Girl emblem on the skirt or on the label.

This mark of quality assures you that you are getting a suit that fits you smoothly and snugly ALWAYS, without a wrinkle, when either wet or dry. Will not sag or stretch out of shape. Knitted with the famous Jantzen-stitch, the Jantzen gives you real swimming freedom and ease.

The Jantzen Red Diving Girl emblem is your assurance of outstanding quality and style. A Jantzen keeps you warm, dries quickly, because only the finest long-fibre wool is used. The shades are smart, fashionable and attractive.

Models for men, women and children at leading shops. Your weight determines your size. Ask your merchant for a free Jantzen Color Guide or write Jantzen Knitting Mills, Ltd., Walmar House 296 Regent St., London, W.1, England.



Jantzen

The suit that changed
bathing to swimming

TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

The Way to Greater Charm.

Coty, the great perfumer, has come to the fore, and in a particularly interesting brochure has demonstrated that with the aid of perfume women may greatly increase their charm. This is explained in the simplest manner possible in an interesting brochure which will gladly



Women must choose the right perfume and must seek the aid of Coty's chart, as they will then be in harmony with Nature and express their personality through a simple and yet essential tribute to Nature

be sent gratis and post free on application to Coty, 3, Stratford Place, W.; they will also send the name and address of their nearest agent. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that it is essential that the right perfume be used, as it is only by this means can a woman be in harmony with Nature. Coty has prepared a chart by which women of certain physical qualities can choose a perfume to enhance their

attraction. There are twenty-three Parfums-Creations, therefore there is one for every type of woman.

A Sophisticated Woman Needs L'Origan.

Coty contends that L'Origan is the perfect perfume for the sophisticated woman who loves the good things of life, while for the Eastern type of person, with dark eyes and hair and lissom figure, there is Chypre; women of this type are generally endowed with an emotional temperament. A woman interested in ancient art, music, and books must adopt heliotrope. It is to be regretted that lack of space forbids a description of the other types of women and the perfumes they need to increase their charm; however this will be found in the brochure as well as full details regarding the best way of perfuming clothes and lingerie. By the way, their manicure preparations are endowed with unique fragrance; they are arranged on Bakulite trays with sockets for each bottle. Neither must it be overlooked that there is a Coty Friction destined to be used when the hair is washed. It may, however, be used at any time when the hair looks tired. A small quantity should be placed on a piece of cotton wool, and the scalp rubbed with it.

Beautiful Lingerie.

No, it is not a summer frock but a night-dress that is pictured on the right of this page; it comes from the House of Bayard, whose London salons are situated at 10, Quadrant Arcade, 80 and 82, Regent Street, W. It is made of a Bayard fabric that is not quite a satin, neither is it a crêpe, and is enriched with embroidery. It is impossible to do justice to it in words; it must be seen to be appreciated. The graceful display at the back is of chiffon. It is not only in *chef d'œuvres* in the world of lingerie that this firm excels, but in simple affairs as well. For instance, there are crêpe-de-chine night-dresses entirely made by hand for 3 guineas.



This is not a frock but a night-dress created by the House of Bayard of London and Paris. It is made of satin crêpe. It is enriched with embroidery; the artistic draping at the back is of chiffon

**ENJOY A
REALLY
REFRESHING
INTERVAL**



by choosing the ideal form of non-intoxicating drink for social games, Schweppes Ginger Ale. Satisfies the increasing demand of cultured people for a lively non-alcoholic refreshment of distinction and guaranteed quality.

FOR THE CAR: Motorists can obtain Schweppes Ginger Ale (also Tonic Water and Lemonade) in convenient cartons containing 3 large bottles or 6 small bottles, complete with Crown cork opener.

Schweppes

GINGER ALE



Also order—SCHWEPES SODA WATER . TONIC WATER . GINGER BEER . LEMON SQUASH . CIDER . ETC.

Timely Judgment

—continued

nervous, and kept looking round about him as though he had just crossed a dangerous street and narrowly escaped being run over. Perhaps it was the spring in the air that made Judge Aubrey notice these things with an unaccountable attentiveness.

"I forgot," the man insisted.

"You forgot!" sneered Craddock. "But there must have been some reason besides forgetfulness to make you omit on this particular day of all days what you had been doing every day of your life."

That was the worst of Craddock, he was inclined to hector and bully.

"Come, come," interposed Judge Aubrey, in a voice that was almost friendly for him, "we are all apt to be forgetful at times. Why even I left my watch on my dressing-table this morning."

For the fraction of a minute the witness's hunted eyes dwelt on his Lordship, and it seemed to Judge Aubrey that there was gratitude in that glance.

The morning fretted past, and the witness was discharged. He disappeared, his shoulders stooping, like a tired brown moth. It was a dull technical case with a special jury, even duller than wearisome, sordid divorce cases and blood relations fighting blood relations over wills. Where did it end, Judge Aubrey asked himself, all this quarrelling and sparring and settling? Men had lived in this world for uncountable centuries and generations, and it was still the same since Æsop was a bondsman and Joseph told his brethren not to fall out on their journey.



SIR MICHAEL CULME-SEYMOUR AND LADY CULME-SEYMOUR

Sir Michael Culme-Seymour recently celebrated his coming-of-age and is here seen with his mother. Like his father, the late baronet, Vice-Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, he is in the Navy. Sir Michael Culme-Seymour inherits Rockingham Castle and the estate

He was glad to reach home that night. His wife came downstairs as he was divesting himself of his overcoat in the panelled hall. She had never been pretty even in her youth, but she had that strange niceness about her that only a plain woman can possess. It is not charm, but a quality of rare receptiveness and of always being freshly interested in one. She had been married to Judge Aubrey for half-a-century now, and she was as vague and inexact as she had been when he first knew her. Dates and time conveyed nothing to her; numbers confused her, hundreds were the same as thousands to her un-mathematical brain, and thousands the same as millions. Her husband was wont to tell her, for he liked to count up his wife's blessings, that it was a good thing for her she had married a comparatively well-off man.

"So dear, you've got home," she said pleasantly.

She always made that same obvious remark, which always struck him as so inane, but to-night he did not jerk out his customary testy reply. Instead he kissed her. She was too wise to betray her surprise, and asked.

"You got it all right, dear?"

"Got what?" he snorted.

"Your watch."

"My watch? I left my watch at home."

"I know you did, dear, but that man you sent for it—I gave him ten shillings, he had such a nice, kind, sad face."

"What are you talking about? What man?"

"The man, dear, you sent for your watch. You told him to tell us it was on your dressing-table. The man with the rather blue nose."

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IDEAL PLAYING SURFACE.—Mown grass presents a pile-like surface to the ball. This slight yielding of the surface gives the characteristic crispness of lawn tennis. The GRIST TYPE Surface is the only hard court surface with a pile-like effect. The Belvedere Court is of the Grist Type.

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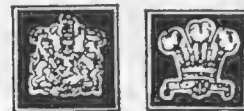
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MR. AND MRS. R. H. PHILIPPS

Who were married recently at Edinburgh. Mr. Richard Hanning Philipps is the son of Sir Laurence Philipps, Bart., and Lady Philipps, and the bride was formerly Lady Marion Dalrymple, the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Stair

Weddings and Engagements

September Weddings.

Early in September, Mr. Alan Hickman, the son of the late Mr. W. R. J. Hickman and of Mrs. Hickman of Rushings, near Leighton Buzzard, is marrying Miss Catherine Constance (Kitty) Beard, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Beard of Ferndown, Dorset; another wedding in that month is that between Mr. John Michael Kane Spurling, the Leicestershire Regiment, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Clement Spurling of Oundle, Northamptonshire, and Miss Penelope Lovett, the third daughter of the Bishop of Portsmouth and Mrs. Neville Lovett of Bishopswood, Fareham.

Next Month.

Captain Francis Howard Thompson, the Royal Sussex Regiment, is marrying Miss Maude Prime Jones on July 23, at Rye; on the 17th there is the marriage between Mr. Thomas Alston and Miss Ivy Franklin, which is to be at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; the marriage arranged between Mr. A. E. Dickinson and Miss A. V. Hickey will take place quietly on July 10, and it is to be at Christ Church, Brighton.

Recent Engagements.

Mr. Edward Rushton Needham of Chasedale, Ross, Herefordshire, and Miss Dorothy Mary Well Hardie of Exeter, the daughter of the late Mr. V. W. Hardie and of Mrs. Hardie, formerly of Chantry House, Melbourne, Derbyshire; Mr. Lionel Bray of Colombo, Ceylon, and Miss Lois Brown, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Kingsmill Brown of Ven Ayr, Lelant, Cornwall; Mr. Douglas Ramsay Tidy, Indian Police, eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. H. Letheby Tidy of 39, Devonshire Place, W., and Miss Anna Christina Stahlacke, second daughter of Mrs. and the late Mr. A. Stahlacke of Karlavagen 90, Stockholm; Mr. William Barrington Tristram, the Welch Regiment, the only son of the late Major L. S. B. Tristram and Mrs. Tristram of St. Helens, Liss, and Miss Edith Barbara Archdale, the only daughter of Major A. S. Archdale, Royal Artillery, and Mrs. Archdale of Golds House, Greatham, Liss; Mr. Francis Edmund Buckley, Agricultural Department, Nigeria, and Miss Nancy Eileen Smith, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Smith of Heathville Road, Gloucester.



THE HON. E. G. AND MRS. YOUNGER

Snapped after their wedding at Edinburgh, which took place recently. The Hon. E. G. Younger is the son of Viscount and Viscountess Younger, and the bride was formerly Miss Evelyn M'Clure, the daughter of Sheriff-Principal M'Clure of Edinburgh



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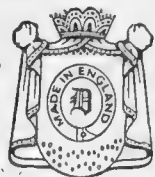
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Polo Notes—continued

the Life Guards "B" team, the writer desires to join. Captain Scott-Douglas was only thirty-two, and his untimely end is a great shock to all of us and a terrible bereavement to his wife, Lady Blanche Douglas, the younger of the Duke of Beaufort's sisters. Lady Blanche Douglas' first husband, Lord St. Germans, died in South Africa from the after-effects of injuries he received when riding in the East Cornwall Point-to-Point. He was master of these hounds from 1920 to 1922. The greatest sympathy is felt for Lady Blanche Douglas. Captain Scott-Douglas was formerly in the 15th Hussars, a regiment which has given us so many fine polo players and first-class men in other departments of sport, and was first and foremost a really fine horseman and man to hounds, and also an above-the-average polo player. He was for some time assistant polo manager at Ranelagh, and was made "publicity officer" for the present International team. Both he and Lady Blanche Douglas were, of course, very well known with the Beaufort Hounds.

Mr. Robert Hurren, the polo correspondent of "The New York Post," in that paper's issue of May 22, 1930, writes something which ought to interest us quite a bit at the moment:—

Speaking of the record, not for quotation, and without presuming to know the English polo situation better than the Englishmen themselves, an American veteran of the sport, who has played and seen polo on both sides of the Atlantic, made an interesting observation the other evening.

"From the squad which they have available for their team over there," he said, "I think I would pick Captain Richard George, Gerald Balding, Captain Pat Roark, and Aidan Roark if they were to ask me to

select the team that would give the United States most trouble at Meadowbrook next September.

"Pat Roark," he continued, "is perhaps the finest No. 3 in the world today. Aidan Roark, keyed up to International competition, can be a great player. You've got to be tough to weather International polo, and Aidan Roark, in a polo match, is tough. Remember the afternoon he climbed down out of the stands to go in at No. 1 for Roslyn in that twelve-chukker match, playing nearly half the game and starring without the protection of even a pair of riding boots?

"Balding was also a star in that twelve-chukker game between Roslyn and The Hurricanes, and you recall Captain George's play in the second match of the International series in 1927. There's the team they should select. With that combination, well-mounted, and driven by the spark that Pat Roark can kindle, they'd be a tough team for any outfit to defeat."

We had almost forgotten those remarks and we wouldn't think of quoting directly the gentleman in question because the observations were made casually, without intention of telling the British challengers what is their business in the work of selecting a team.

But cabled reports of the British test match played at Roehampton the other day fitted in curiously with his judgment.

On one team were Gerald Balding at No. 2, Pat Roark at No. 3, and Aidan Roark at back, riding behind Stephen "Laddie" Sanford at No. 1. On the other team were Major Geoffrey Phipps-Hornby at No. 1, H. C. Walford at No. 2, Captain Charles H. Tremayne at No. 3, and Humphrey Guinness of the Royal Scots Greys at back.

The side headed by Captain Roark was the winner, 12 goals to 5. In the first two chukkers the Roark team hit 7 goals to none for its opponents. Pat Roark they say was brilliant, and Aidan Roark proved a much safer back than Guinness, whom we saw as spare on the British squad which came here in 1927. Balding, who has played most of his polo at the Rumson Country Club in recent seasons, was consistently good if not brilliant in his match, and Captain Tremayne failed again to strike a stride that could characterize him as of International calibre.



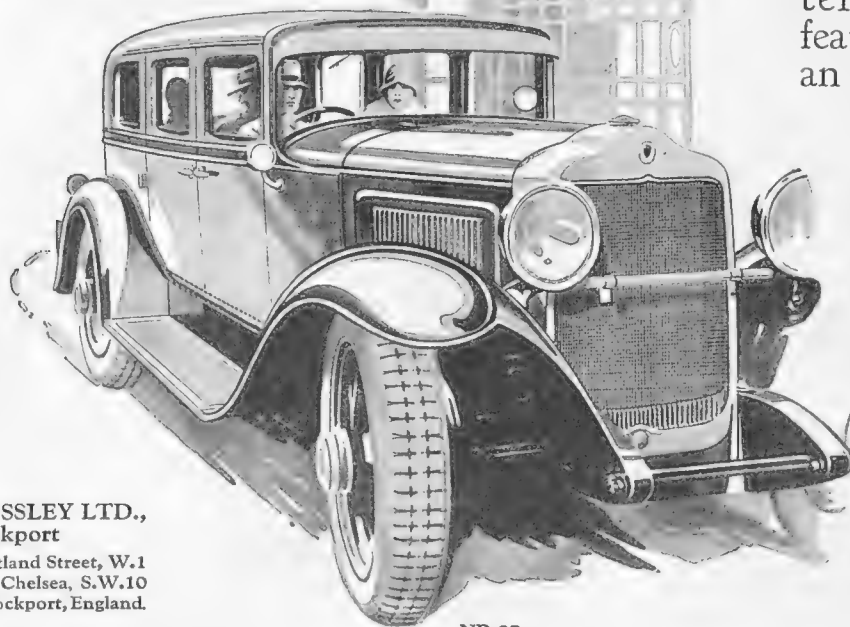
FORD FARM POLO TEAM

Dennis Moss

The names, left to right, are: Mr. F. N. Lloyd, Captain P. M. Forsyth-Forrest, Captain R. R. Smart, and Captain F. F. Spicer. This team was the runner-up for the Cirencester Spring Cup, played on the American system. Lake House won with an aggregate of 21½ goals. Ford Farm got 20

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Petrol Vapour—continued

Divorce Court. It has often given me pleasure to think that this lad made a good investment. In any case nothing would ever wear that old car out. But, in my mind's eye, I see him bunga-te-bonga-te-popping down the Portsmouth road of a Sunday morning—this was before the days of coaches—with a jolly little girlie looking up with big blue eyes swimming with admiration for the gallant whose car—and what better proof could you have than this ineluctable speed-indicator?—could do 130 m.p.h. At the time I fancy the record stood at about 110. But who would worry about little things like that? O' course, in these "high and far-off times" policemen used most solemnly, after telling you that you would be duly charged with committing an offence, to take the number of your speedometer, an action that to me has always been inscrutably incomprehensible. And once I got ticked off for offering to furnish the size of my collar, major axis of hat, fitting of boot, telephone number, date of birth, etc. But there I go wandering off away from my subject altogether. What I really meant to say was that the other day I discovered the perfect speedometer. A peach of a thing. You could not possibly say that it misled you, deceived you. What it did, the moment the car was in motion, was to fling its hand from the 10 m.p.h. mark right up to the limit peg at 80 m.p.h., and then quickly and noisily back again like a demented windmill. This action was accompanied by a funny swishing sound like that produced by a bacon-slicer. You know the kind. The dial as much as said "Here you are, sir, what can I do for you in the way of speed to-day? I can offer you anything from 10 miles to 80, and there is no extra charge for taking your pick!" Whatever happened, you had to admit that this thing was a trier. I think I must have been doing a brisk forty or so when something seemed to snap somewhere, the grashiness of the transmission disappeared, the car became smooth and quiet . . . and the dead hand came to rest pointing with stubborn determination at 80 m.p.h. A nice, accusing thing to have about one if one *did* run in a police-trap.



SIR HENRY LYTTON, THE FAMOUS SAVOYARD
Leaving Buckingham Palace in his Straight-Eight Marmon after attending the Investiture

Quick Returns.

Ever since—though this was some few years ago—a profiteering garage proprietor in the Great North Road soaked me 10s. a gallon for a tin of so-called petrol I have always held that he who peddles the essential juice to Mr. and Mrs. Motorist has an easy job. But the real way to make money out of hydro-carbon compounds is not to sell them by the pint, the quart, or the gallon, but by the spot. The other day I received from the eminent firm of Pratts a most effective toy in the shape of a cigarette-lighter. Beyond the fact that upon one side of it there is engraved something about Pratts' Oil, it is a perfectly innocent and efficient outfit. But it was dry when it came to hand. Soon after I chanced to be taking a cocktail, when before me I perceived a miniature petrol pump operated by a small lever which had to be freed by the placing of one denarius in the allotted aperture. I had three goes before my new lighter was anything like full. Nor did I grudge the charge. But on the way home I did quite a lot of mental arithmetic. The lighter measures $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch. A two-gallon can measures (I admit I am guessing, but I will bet I am not far wrong) 1 ft. by 9 in. by 6 in. The problem was, how much is a gallon of fuel worth when it is sold for lighter purposes. Mrs. P. V., when asked to throw a light on the problem, promptly answered "About £5." Which is correct to within a decimal point or two. Isn't it marvellous?

Have it in your Car.

A new and enlarged edition of "The Dunlop Guide" has just been published. It costs a dollar and is well worth every farthing of it. It is a thing that, when embarking upon a tour—and how the road calls these days!—I would be as loth to leave behind as the spare wheel or the picnic basket. The expression "a mine of information" has long been overworked. This is a Bonanza. There are precious few things about the road and all that appertains to the road that are not to be found between its covers. Once upon a time they "ordered these things better in France." That reproach has now vanished.



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The Daimler "Twenty-five" with Saloon de Luxe coachwork by Arthur Mulliner Ltd.

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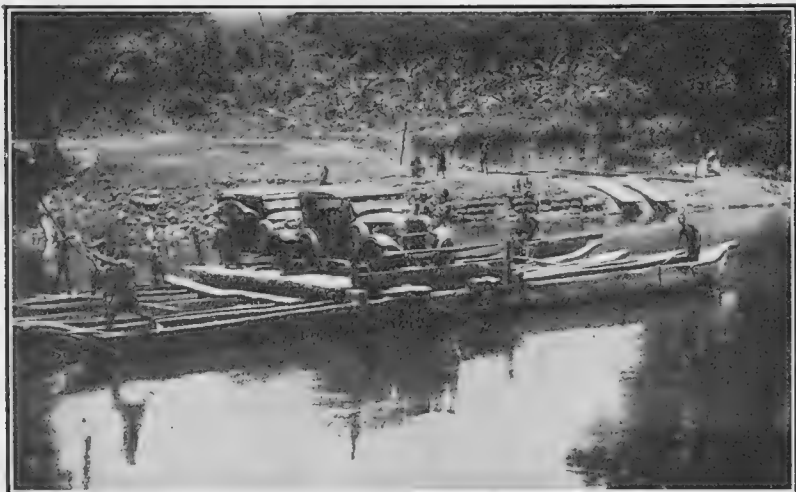
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Motor Notes and News

Holders of motor-driving licences are eligible for a novel competition in which the Anglo-American Oil Company offers a first prize of £500, with 200 consolation prizes of £1 each. Drawings have been made by Mr. Arthur Watts, the "Punch" artist, of eight typical motorists,



THE PRINCE OF WALES ON SAFARI IN EAST AFRICA

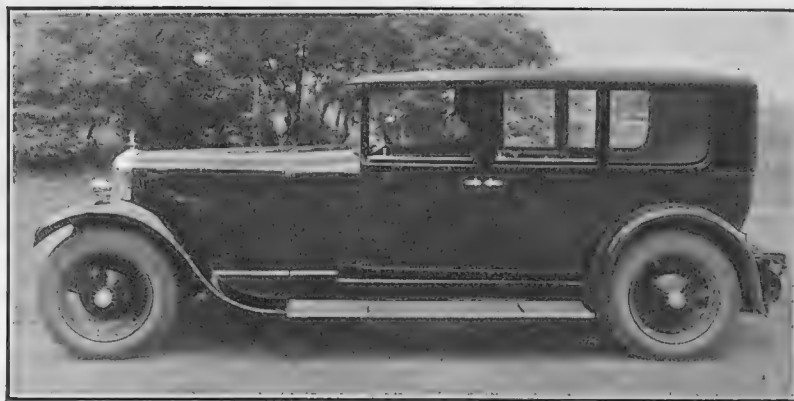
The above photograph was taken during His Royal Highness' recent trip in East Africa. Seven Wolseley 6-cylinder cars were used throughout this tour, and our picture shows the cars crossing a ferry at Congo

eight typical motor-vehicles, and twelve passengers. The competitor has to decide who owns each vehicle and to pick out the appropriate passengers for each. The drawings and details of the competition are obtainable from the company's offices, 36, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1. The closing date is July 14.

An interesting car contest takes place annually in Holland called Elfstedentocht. The main feature of the race is that competitors must pass through all the chief cities of Holland's eleven provinces

within twenty-four hours of the start—no mean feat, which tests both the endurance of the driver and the capacity of the cars to maintain high speeds. This year's Elfstedentocht has just been held. Twenty-four cars took part, gold medals being awarded to only three—Baron B. Heerma van Vos driving an Essex Challenger, the Lancia Lambda, and the Steyr. This result is another indication of remarkable value for money one gets in the Essex.

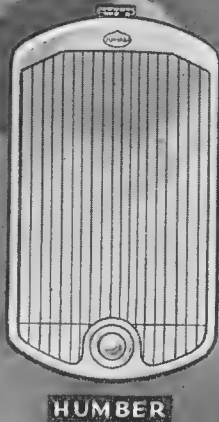
It is only a short time since the inauguration of the England-Australia telephone service, but already this is playing an important part in the development and expansion of Empire trade, which is so vital to our own problems at home. The wonderful help that this service will be is aptly illustrated by the fact that Mr. W. E. Rootes of Rootes, Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly (Exporters for the Humber-Hillman-Commer Combine), recently spoke to his Australian office at Sydney for a period of thirty minutes. During the conversation the future policy of the company's activities within the Commonwealth were discussed,



A 35-120-H.P. DAIMLER LIMOUSINE WITH HOOPER BODY

and Messrs. Rootes' representative was given guidance as to the planning of future arrangements in preparation for the launching of a bold campaign for British cars which Messrs. Rootes, Ltd., are going to undertake in the coming season. Incidentally, orders were taken for British cars, although this was not the main purpose of the conversation.

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My rear passengers had no idea and my front passenger a mere suspicion as to when I allowed the car to coast or the

engine to 'pull'. Coasting or 'pulling', the only sound to be heard is the rush of air past the car and the only vibration is that arising from an uneven road surface—and the very minimum from that source, so excellent is the springing"—*Marcus W. Bourdon*

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A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

AIR EDDIES—continued from p. 586

after the Reading Fête was the inspection of the Air Taxi services at Hanworth by a politician. It seems a pity that such functions cannot be performed by people with a direct interest in aviation. A well-known pilot is more impressive and more to the point than any politician can be. And if a politician is unavoidable, there are one or two who are themselves pilots who should first be chosen.

Gliding.

Herr Kronfeld's gliding exhibitions have been among the most fascinating spectacles seen in this country for a long time. He has shown how far the Germans have advanced in this art, and has proved that if it is taken up with sufficient energy gliding is capable of becoming a popular sport. Herr Kronfeld seems to be able to soar in almost any weather except a dead calm, and the way in which he gains height and, after leaving his starting-point for a few minutes, returns over it at about 1,500 ft. is astonishing. Mr. Needham, who was, I think, an observer in the Royal Flying Corps during the war, made some wonderful glides in the London club's machine. Altogether that Channel crossing for the Cillon Prize does not seem so far off when one realizes how far the Germans have advanced and the amount of knowledge about air currents they have accumulated.

At the other end of the scale from gliding, we have Atlantic flying. Captain Kingsford-Smith has decided to take the plunge to complete his flight all round the world. At the time of writing he is waiting for weather in Ireland. He seems to have planned his flight with the same care that he bestowed upon his wonderful Pacific crossing. That Pacific flight is without question one of the greatest flights in history, indeed it is the only flight that has any right to be grouped with the immortal Atlantic flight of Alcock and Brown in 1919.

R.A.F. Display.

One of the most important aviation dates of the year is next Saturday, when the R.A.F. Display takes place at Hendon. Many new aircraft will be

seen there, including the DH77 Interceptor Fighter, with the marvellous new Napier air-cooled "H" engine designed by Major F. Halford.

EVE AT GOLF—continued from p. 614

As for the final, Miss Holm was round in 78, and except after losing the second hole was never down to Miss Park. Both of them played truly impressive golf, and it is hard to put one's finger on the spot which really gave Miss Holm the victory. Her lead of 3 after the 10th was brought down to square at the 14th, but she showed herself a real champion by holing a chip for a 2 at the 15th. And though she lost the 17th she played the 18th just as perfectly as mortal could do and won it in 4.

Turnberry New Course is not one to hold cheap or tackle lightly. It is heavily bunkered, there are any number of subtle slopes, and though the one night of soaking rain just before the Championship began had made the short game less hard than it was at the finish of the foursomes, it would be idle to pretend that the golf was easy. No; the fact seems to be that Scottish golf really has taken a stride forward, and Scottish golfers if they get over to Portmarnock in any quantity next year for the Open will have to be taken very seriously into account.

"Seriously" seems somehow a silly word to use of Scottish golfers, for a more cheery, smiling affair than that fortnight at Turnberry would be very hard to imagine. The swimming-pool, the ballroom, the ping-pong tables—anything that offered a bit of fun—was certain to be well patronized, and the main recollection of it all is of a happy family party, playing excellent golf, wanting the best golfer to win, but quite determined that after all it was only a game, and that skies would not fall if one person rather than another won.



Playing the game at Turnberry: Miss MacRobert and Miss Betty Fenton, who competed in the Scottish Foursomes and the Scottish Championship

Amateur photographers who have really "sharp" snapshots of golfing subjects, particularly close-up photos of prize-winners, are reminded that the Editor of "The Tatler" will always be glad to consider such and to pay usual rates for any that are accepted.

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That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache, and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You

can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days. The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. Years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders. Every chemist knows of Kutnow's Powder and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.

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—R.H.H.

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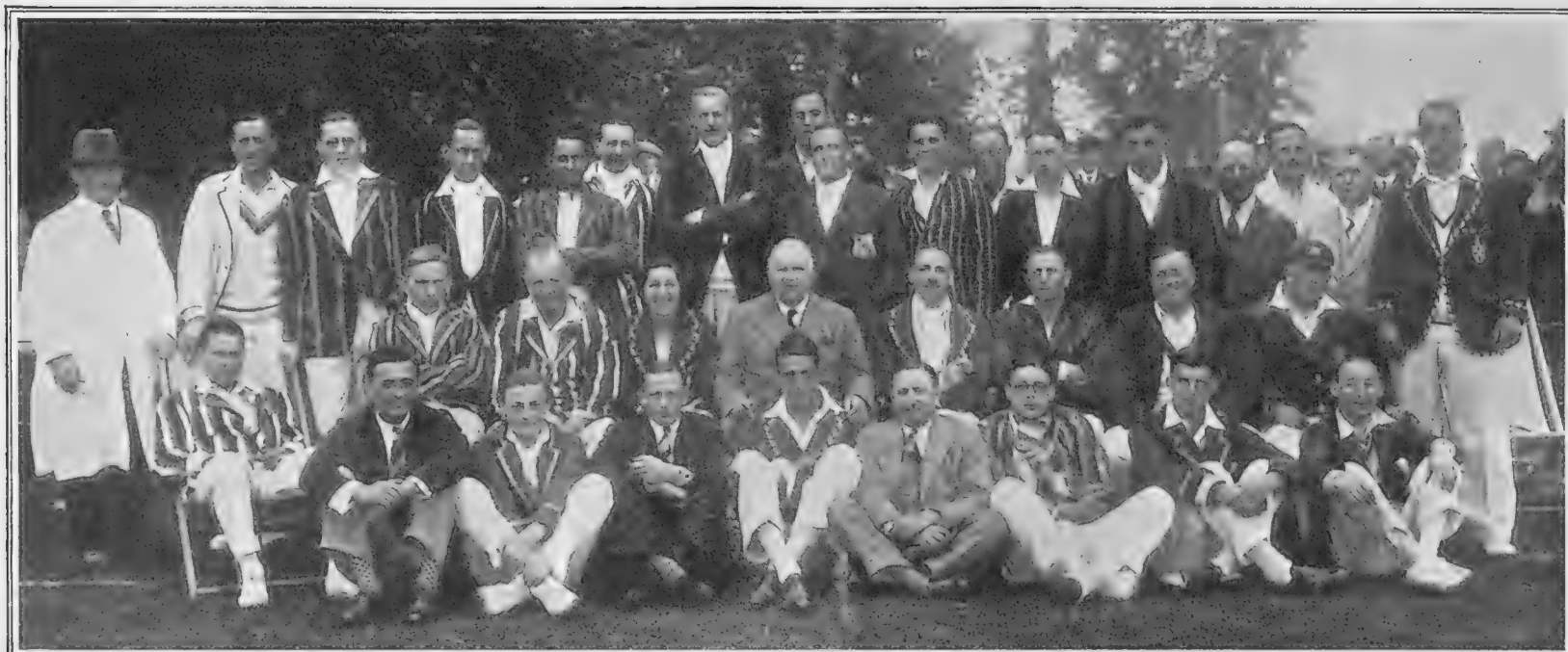
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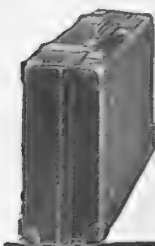
A GROUP OF CRICKET CELEBRITIES PAST AND PRESENT

Howard Barrett

A most interesting collection at Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Sir Julien Cahn's seat, where he arranged a friendly knock between his own XI and Mr. M. K. Foster's. Sir Julien Cahn has been Master of the Burton Hounds since 1926, and is almost as fond of cricket as he is of fox-hunting. The names in this group, left to right, are: On ground in front—Mr. G. W. Dawson, J. Wardrop, R. W. V. Robins, R. Munt, R. B. Cowley, P. Malins, G. Hearne, E. G. Wolfe; seated—G. B. Crockford, A. A. Mailey (Australia), M. K. Foster (Captain), Lady Cahn, Sir Edwin Stockton, Sir Julien Cahn (Captain), H. W. Taylor (South Africa), L. Richmond, John Gunn; standing—J. Moss, C. W. Flood, A. L. Murray, G. Griffiths, K. S. Duleepsinhji, F. H. Hancock, H. C. Salmonson, T. Arnott, Brook-Aide, T. Rhodes, F. W. H. Nicholas, W. H. Walters, C. R. F. Trefall, Mr. Wolfe, G. Rogerson, J. Scotton, F. W. Newman

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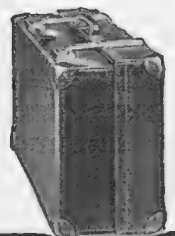
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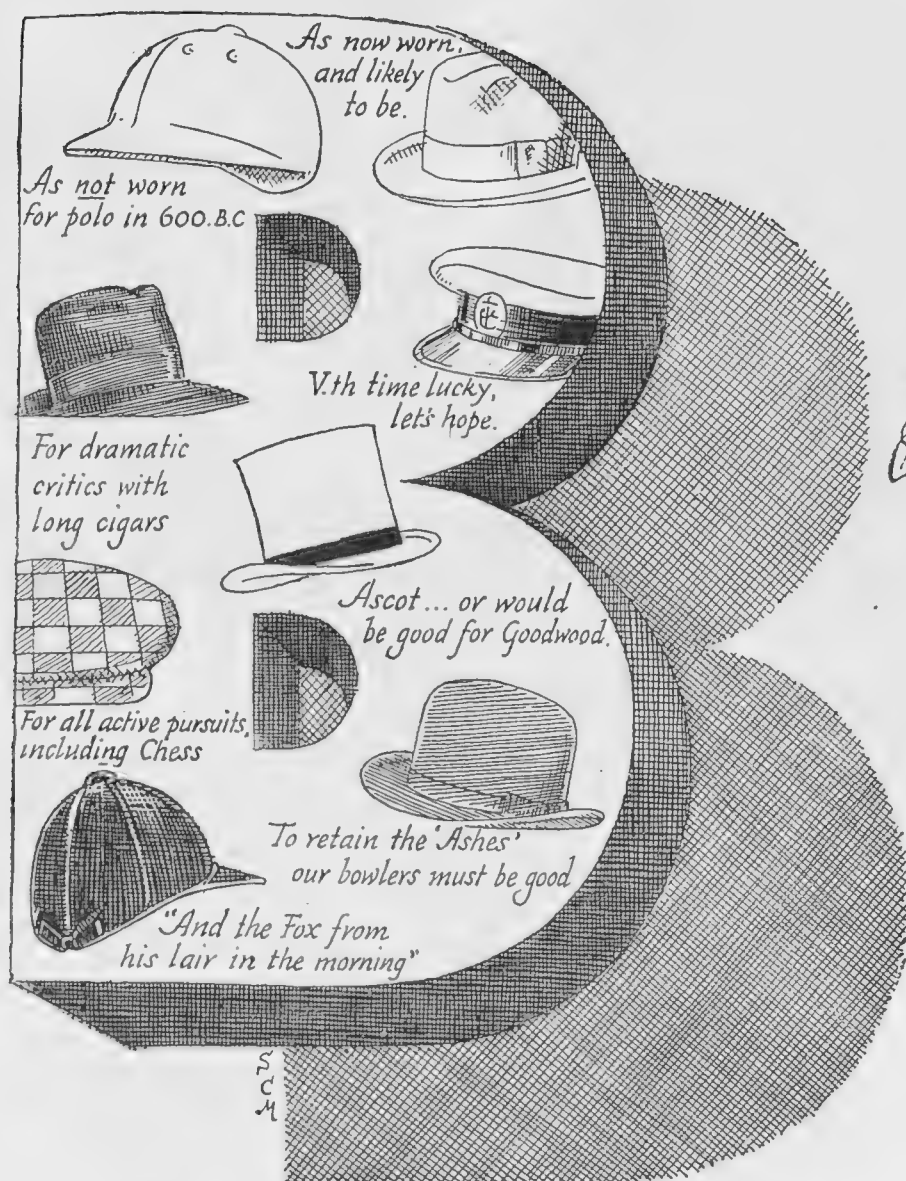
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Notes from Here and There

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, ask you to help a poor lady who is in despair over her future. Her father was a big farmer in Lincolnshire, but owing to a run of bad luck he lost all his money just before his death. His daughter obtained work as a companion in the West of England and managed to support herself until a couple of years ago, when her already delicate health gave way; last November she had a seizure which left her with a weak heart and with no chance of resuming work. Since her only sister's death she has been quite alone in the world, living in one room on her fast dwindling savings, which now amount to about £50. She dare not think of the time when this small amount is exhausted, and she almost starves herself to cut down her living expenses. With the generous co-operation of another society we have been allowing this poor lady 10s. weekly for the last few months; in this way she has kept her savings intact except for an occasional doctor's bill during the winter. Our wish is to continue this allowance of 10s. weekly for the next six months; by that time we hope the other society will be persuaded to give her a further grant which will carry her on until she receives the pension for which we are negotiating. Please send us the £13.

A cinema matinée is being held at the Regal Cinema on July 3 at 2.45 p.m., in aid of the special appeal for £100,000 for the Brompton Hospital for Consumption. A première of the all-talking production, *Young Woodley*, featuring Madeleine Carroll and Frank Lawton, is being shown. The programme sellers will be under the direction of Lady Dunn. Tickets, which cost from 5s. to £2 2s., can be obtained from The Lady Bertha Dawkins, Kensington Palace, W.8.

Messrs. Hedges and Butler, Ltd., have just issued an excellent brochure entitled "Why We Should Drink Wine," by Lieut.-Colonel H. I. Nicholl, D.S.O. In the preface the author says that to many persons, especially to those of mature age and who have been accustomed to wine drinking in their homes since early youth, the contents of this little book will appear very elementary. Owing, however, to the many changes in the habits and conditions of home life in England, due, most of them, directly or indirectly to the War, it will have been noticed that there is a large number of people of all ranks and ages who like to drink wine but who know very little about the history and often even the country of origin of the wine they are

drinking. This book is intended for persons such as these, in the hopes that the brief notes contained in it may whet their appetites, by increasing their interest in the wine they drink, and encourage them to learn more about wines generally. Readers of THE TATLER can send their names and addresses to Messrs. Hedges and Butler, Ltd., 153, Regent Street, London, W. 1, for a free copy of this interesting booklet.



Stage Photo Co.

DORIS SONNE AND ANTON DOLIN

In the Deauville Beach Scena at the London Coliseum, where Anton Dolin's highly successful new dance production is in the course of a two weeks' season

The Prince of Wales Theatre is being lent for a gala matinée on June 30 at 2.30 p.m., in aid of the Children's Department (Child Guidance) of the Tavistock Square Clinic and its extension. Among the well-known artistes who have consented to appear are Miss Jean Colin, Mr. Clifford Mollison, Miss Ninette de Valois, Miss Desirée Ellinger, Mr. Donald Mather, Miss Ailsa Graham, Miss Peggy O'Neil, and Mr. Arthur Pusey. The pupils of Miss Vacani will give a short ballet. Tickets may be obtained from the Secretary, Byron House, St. James' Street, S.W.1, and cost from 3s. 6d. to £3 3s.

At the top of the list of Columbia records for June is "Scheherazade" (Rimsky-Korsakov) on six double-sided 12-in. records played by the Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, Paris, conducted by Philippe Gaubert. This should be purchased by all those who have a liking for Rimsky-Korsakov's full-blooded music, as it certainly is his best work. The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Bruno Walter, give us "Roses of the South," the famous waltz by Strauss. Quartet in G Major (Mozart) is charmingly played by the Lener String Quartet on four 12-in. records. Columbia should be thanked for giving us a harpsichord record this month, for the harpsichord is one of the most delightful instruments. "Toccata" (Scarlatti) and "Pastorale Variations with Cadenza" (Mozart), played by Madame Regina Patorni-Casadesus, should be obtained by all music-lovers. There are thousands of people who remember with joy *A Country Girl*, and for these the London Theatre Orchestra play a selection on the piece of a 12-in. record. At the head of the light records list is "Beside an Open Fireplace" and "I'm on a Diet on Love"; "How Am I to Know?" and "Molly," both sung by Layton and Johnstone; Billy Bennett gives "Mandalay" and "The Coffee-Stall Keeper"; another humorous record is "Bonnie Heilen Maggie" and "The Wedding of Sandy McKie," sung by Sandy McFarlane. Some good dance records of the month are "The Lonesome Road" and "San"; "Dinah" and "Aunt Hagar's Blues," both records being played by Ted Lewis and his Band; "There will Never be Another Mary," etc., by Will Osborne and his Orchestra.

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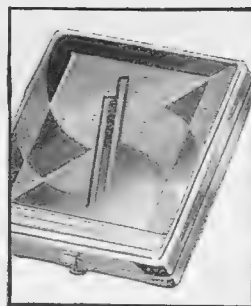
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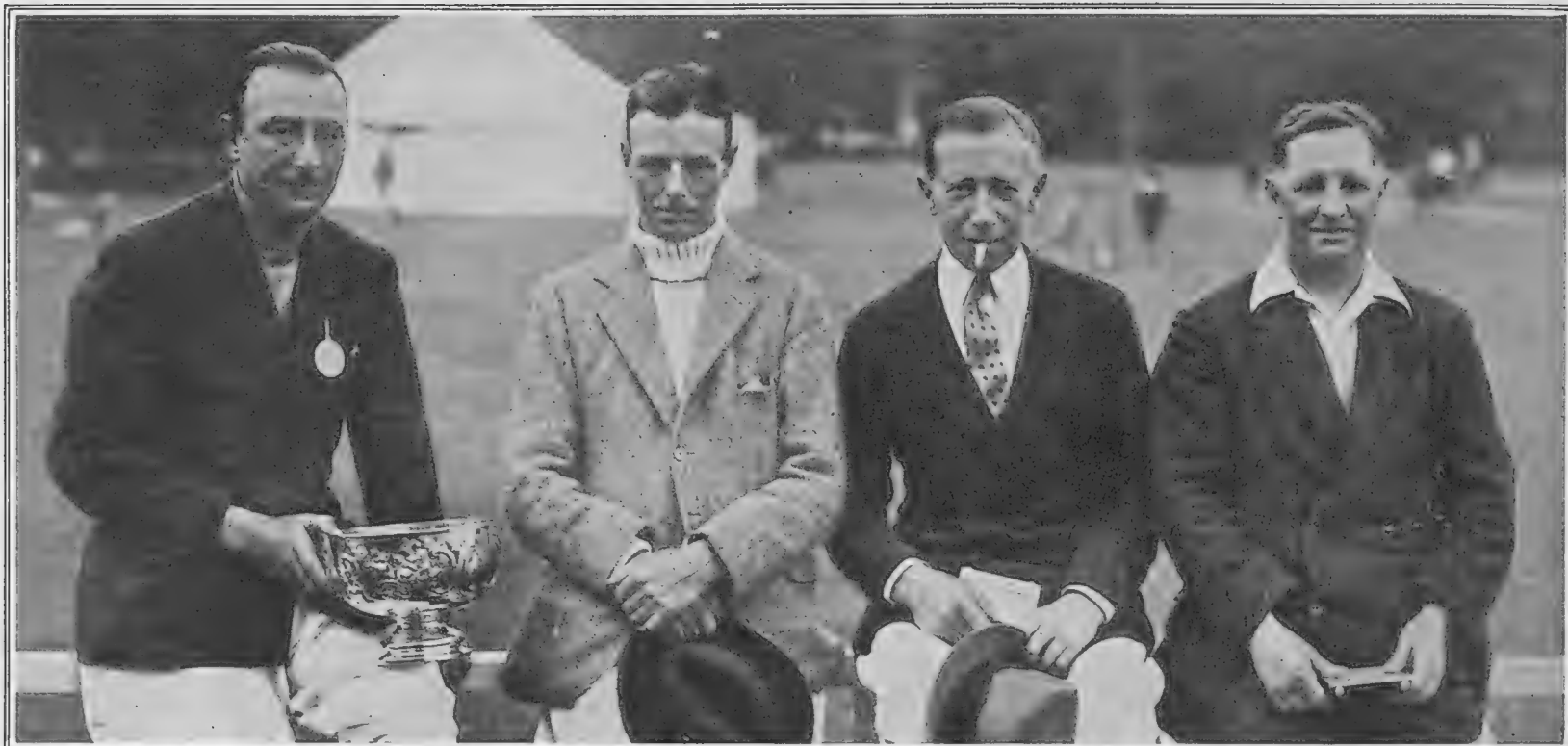
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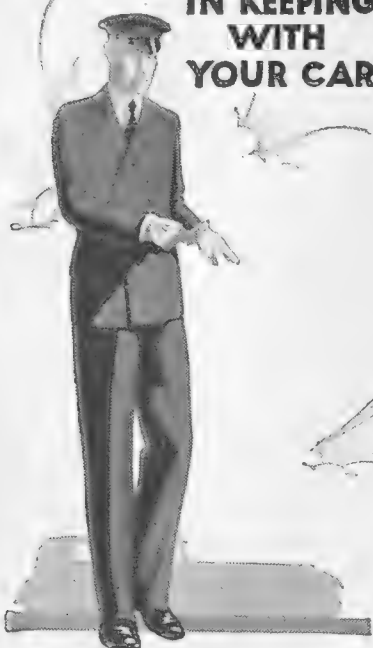
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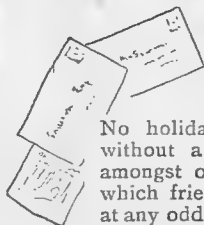
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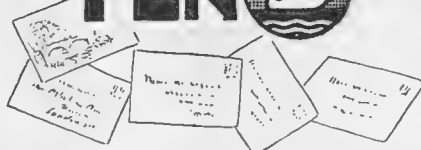
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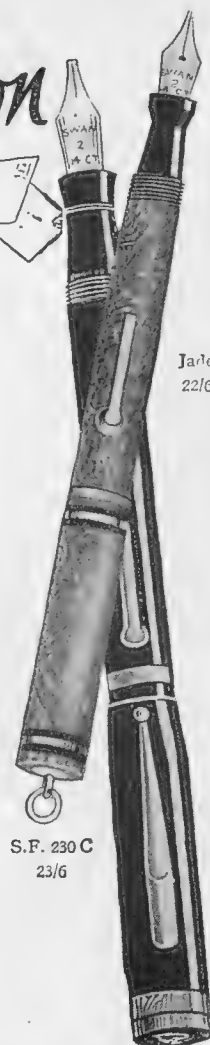
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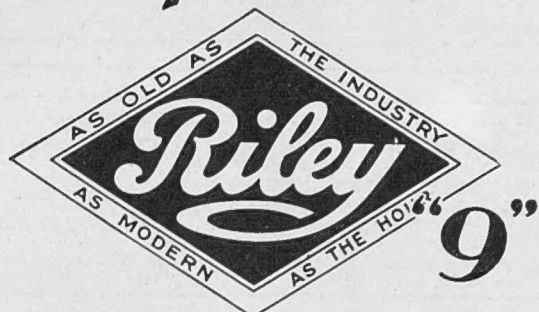
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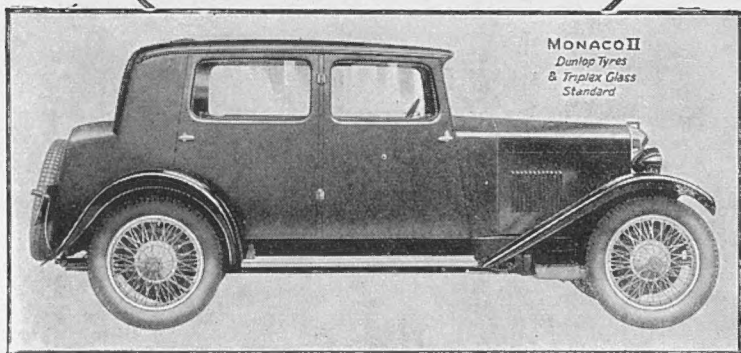
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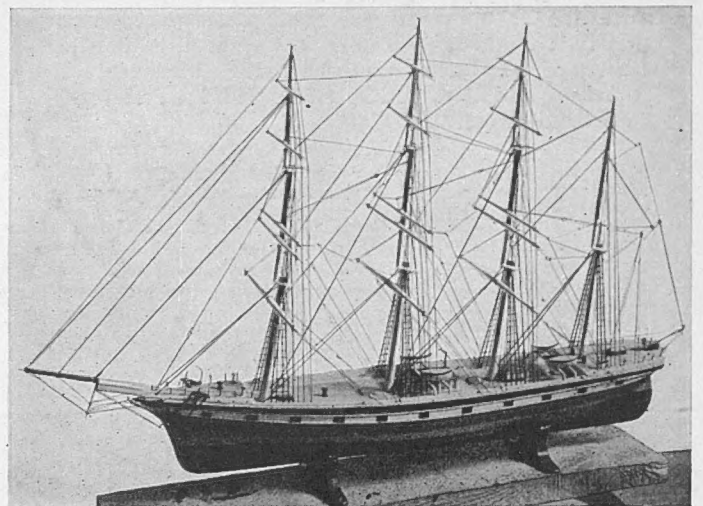
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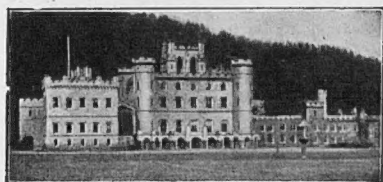
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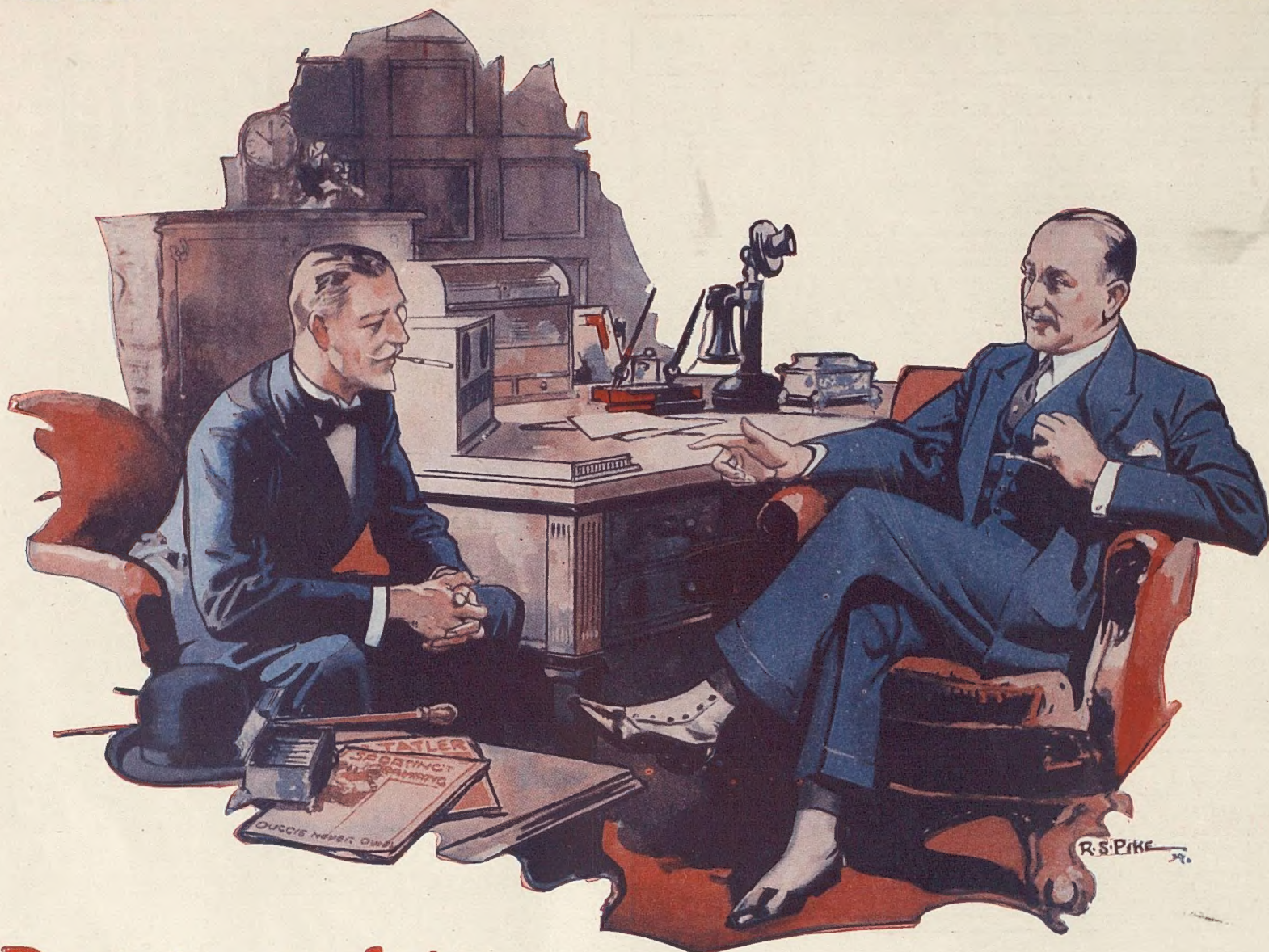
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HARWICH - ZEEBRUGGE4th JUNE
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Duggie explains—

"Half a Corona"

Sir Edward: "Good morning, Stuart. Lord Fewar asked me to see you. You recollect earlier in the week having a slight misunderstanding with him over a 'phoned bet?"

Duggie: "Quite well, Sir Edward. His Lordship claimed to have telephoned me '£100 on HALF CORONA,' which I could not trace having received. Although I never solved the mystery, I had no hesitation in accepting Lord Fewar's word, and as the horse won at 7/1, I sent him my cheque for £700."

Sir Edward: "Ha, now comes the sequel! His Lordship wishes to tender you his sincere apologies and to return you your cheque."

Duggie: "But why?"

Sir Edward: "It appears the telephoning of the message was left to his new butler, who knows nothing of racing, but a great deal about cigars, and seeing the word 'Corona,' rang up Harrods and ordered a hundred."

Duggie: "Extraordinary; and how did Lord Fewar get to the bottom of it?"

Sir Edward: "Why, he never smokes cigars, and when they arrived there was no difficulty in tracing the whole thing. Anyhow, it reflects great credit upon you, and I must say his Lordship is most enthusiastic over the way you treated him. By the way, what are you doing about the 'Tote'?"

Duggie: "Same as Starting Price, Sir Edward, 'No Limit.'"

"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious.

"Duggie" is Waiting to Open an Account with You.

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shottesbury Avenue, London.